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Some loose leaves from my portfolio

42.

316.



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Hammerley, del.

J. Greatbach, sculp.

THAT MORNIN' DID OUR MOTHER BRING
 TO MEAS' WITH CENICE MOON
 WHEN I WAS FOUR OR FIVE AND FIVE
 WHEEN I WAS FIVE AND FIVE

R O E M S



I SAW HER ONCE - TWAS BY SURPRISE.
HOW SILENT WAS THE PLACE
THEIR WATCHED THE FLASHING OF HER EYES,
THE BLUSHES ON HER FACE.

London:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY.

SOME

LOOSE LEAVES

FROM

MY PORTFOLIO.

Throbs of the heart, and lonely sighs,
Imagination's wildest play,
Visions of light, when fancy flies
On wide-spread wings—away—away.

LONDON :
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1842.

316.



PREFATORY STANZAS.

WHEN from the port the laden vessel glides,
Breasts the proud waves, and quits the fading shore ;
What thinks the merchant, as she onward rides,
Bearing his freighted wealth those wild waves o'er ?
Beats not his heart with fear, with anxious dread,
While far she sails, mischance may on her light,
Where rocks and darkness round her path are spread,
And sweeping tempests meet the aching sight ?
What joy to think, if she returns again,
And rides triumphant in her port once more !
But oh ! the thought, if that the fates ordain,
That she should perish on some stormy shore.

And thou, my little one, that goest forth
Into a world of storms, as ocean rude,
Shall I not feel for thee of little worth,
When in that angry world thou dost intrude ?
Yet go, my frail one, spread thy pigmy sail,
Sweep through the storm, and seek a prosp'rous gale !

GEORGE COOPER.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME,

February 8, 1842.

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THE STARRY VOID.

THE
STARRY VOID.

I.

UP, on the wings imagination lends,
Beyond the clouds, beyond the bounds of day,
Afar, past where the earth's attraction ends,
Or elemental winds soft eddying play.
Ascend, where sweeps the sun's bright golden ray,
Gemming the void with God's created light,
Thro' boundless space, where wand'ring comets stray,
And myriad stars thick strew the crown of night,
Or night, or day, unchanging nature's boundless sight.

II.

There rest, my mind, my thoughts, my soul, there rest,
Stretch'd to their length be pois'd my fanciéd wings,
While, thro' the space unnumber'd worlds have drest,
Entrancing thoughts arise from hidden springs.
There roam, mine eyes, amid transcendent things,
Where rolling worlds in silent grandeur ride !
Where each, its borrow'd lustre backward flings,
And suns resplendent in their strength abide,
Lighting the way to where their million compeers hide

III.

Oh ! light most beautiful—oh ! chasten'd beams,
That mix'd with deepest darkness, still are bright,
Oh ! glitt'ring rays, that spread in golden streams,
Enter the void, and with the gloom unite,
That azure space to form, how glorious dight
With wondrous things, from God's all forming hand ;
Scroll, where the great, the mighty One doth write,
His power omnipotent, conceptions grand,
And o'er, and thro' the whole, his Spirit's powers expand.

IV.

Bathe me in light, upon this form of mine,
Extend those beams, which form the living day,
Shine ! golden glory, richly on me shine,
Around, about, my strange, presumptuous way,
Play, bright effulgence, streaming on me play.
Lord of this boundless space, sustain my wing,
While I, thy creature, 'mid this rich display,
Worship to thee, and adoration bring,
Near to thine awful throne, O wondrous, wondrous King !

V.

I feel the stream, rich from the gushing fount
Of light, and life, pervade my inmost soul,
Its inspiration, as I upward mount,
To seek the dayspring's farthest, utmost goal.

Upon my spirit play, my thoughts control ;
Awe-struck, before the gate of light I stand,
I rest, far from the distant starry pole :
Wake, aspiration, with thine influence bland,
And sing of things the human eye hath never scann'd.

VI.

See, in the void, that onward moving world
Steal on, where rich the streaming light doth play ;
Such was that creature which the Mighty hurl'd
In time's first dawn, to feel the newborn ray ;
And ever thus it moves upon its way,
Enshrin'd in glory, beam'd in living light.
Is this the star that peeps through morning's grey ?
Leads on the day, then lost in beamings bright,
Is found no more when all the stars are put to flight.

VII.

Is this the messenger ?—the son of Jove,
The fabled being whom the poets sing,
He, who was sent from heavens false, to rove
With twinéd staff, and cap, and feeble wing ?
Away—away—false, foolish, flatt'ring thing,
Misnomer base, for forms and things sublime,
How on its way that lovely one doth spring,
Dancing with joy, within its sunny clime,
First of the sons of light, the firstborn son of time.

VIII.

Ah ! onward still, it meekly labouring goes,
Nor swerves from out that long appointed road
Where, since the birth of time, there constant flows
That stream of light upon its bright abode,
Whence, in the hours of morn, in eve, hath show'd
That crescent fair, since first its race begun,
Save when away, it hath retiring strode
To hide behind the mighty, monstrous sun,
Or o'er his bright and burning face, its race hath run.

IX.

Around, turn round, mine eyes, and view, behold
Another bright and shining one appear ;
Which, like the first, the golden rays enfold,
Enliven—strengthen—fructify and cheer :
Nearer, my fanciéd wings, approach more near,
Pursue, and view, while on her path she tries,
As from of old, her wondrous course to steer.
Oh ! lovely sight, she stilly, sleeping lies, [skies.
Yet keeps her onward path, throughout the boundless

X.

Hail to thee, queen of slow decaying eve,
Circlet of light, that when the sun retires
Last of his train, dost seem as thou didst grieve
To quit our sight, and steep thy pallid fires

In ocean's bed, and leave the cloudy pyres.
Yet thou art gone, ere sped the evening song
That breathes its sweetness from the cloister'd quires,
Where round the archéd roof it steals along,
In vesper'd dying tones—those holy scenes among.

XI.

And they have nam'd thee from that worthless queen,
Who past her stained time in Paphian bowers ;
False judging ones, as if that thou hadst been
Companion of her wanton wayward hours,
And lit her path, with all thy trancéd powers ;
And thou wert soaring far away the while,
'Yond, where the thickness of dim darkness lowers
Those midnight orgies, they could never soil
Thy lovely chasten'd beams, thy silver light beguile.

XII.

And yet, perhaps, they would thee compliment,
When that they gave that gaily sounding name,
It was thy passing beauty which they meant,
To hand adown the stream of endless fame,
They could not mean to mark thee with the shame
Of her, the wanton, miscall'd queen of love ;
There is a purer, far more holy flame,
Round thee doth lie, and ever with thee move,
From that clear fount of all the blessed things above.

XIII.

Roll on, bright star—oh ! lovely world, roll on,
Sail in the void through all the hours of time,
To us, when down the garish sun hath gone,
Propitious be, and linger o'er our clime ;
In evening's hours, when rings the vesper chime,
Above the main lift up thy silver horn,
Then, as our moving world doth upward climb,
While sinking slow, to us thy beams are shorn,
Again to other realms be thou in brightness born.

XIV.

Ah ! in the far off dimness roaming, see
Another form, lit by the glowing sun,
Which, like its peers, doth ever constant flee,
Unwearied aye, since first its race begun,
It onward holds, its beaming course doth run ;
My mother earth,—it is my parent clod,
In which my days, my form, my fate were spun,
And on its breast these feet how oft have trod,
Hail, beauteous world of mine, transcendent work of God !

XV.

Sail on, my fancied wings, approach, and see
This wondrous thing move on its charmed way,
Obedient to th' omnipotent decree,
Upon its axis ever turning, play,

And form of light and dark, its night, its day.
Ah ! how the ice doth lie about the pole,
Beaming like jewels, in the solar ray,
Bright spot, how far beyond the human goal,
O'er which the wand'ring eye of man hath never stole.

XVI.

Region of snow, of bitter biting cold,
For ever reigning in its frozen ire,
Alternate wrapt in darkness' deepest fold,
Or long in light, 'ray'd in its pale attire,
How wide, how far, are spread those regions dire ;
No foot hath ever prest that pale serene,
No sound of human voice did e'er transpire,
Nor, in its wildest flight, hath ever been
The eagle's wing spread out, above that bright terrene.

XVII.

How shall a human voice presume to sing
The wonders of the great, the mighty deep ;
What sound of tongue, what form of speech, shall bring
To paint its form, when madd'ning tempests sweep ?
Or when in placid climes it lies asleep ?
Sublimely spread—ah ! see how wide it lies,
O'erlook'd, o'erseen, by many a rocky steep,
And where that dark, that clouded volume flies,
Its shining face is spread, with deep and varied dyes.

XVIII.

Where is the habitation of the whale?
Where makes he, wild, the foaming waters play?
Where doth the garish dolphin deftly sail?
And where the flying fish speed on its way?
And he, the wolf of waters, in what bay—
In lonely, murd'rous watching—doth he hide?
The shark, with hunger mad, where doth he stray?
The robber of the sea—ah! see him glide!
The scourge of timid things—the tyrant of the tide.

XIX.

Here man, for great achievement surely made,
Doth spread his sail, and woo the gentle wind,
From port to port, pursue his wand'ring trade,
And seek in distant realms, rich things to find,
To deck that home which he hath left behind:
In glad pursuit, how willing doth he go,
To tempests, storms and dangers ever blind,
In ev'ry clime, where these wide waters flow,
Where sleepy breezes sigh, or whelming tempests blow.

XX.

Oh, for the power to paint this wat'ry mass,
That circling, clinging, lies around earth's ball,
And, in its fluidness, doth with it pass
Along its way: ah! wherefore, why not fall

Into that void, which doth the mind appal,
 That wondrous space, which spreads so wide all round;
 Nought but the hand which made, and ruleth all,
 Could, as with chains, this element have bound,
 Ah! shall the mind of man e'er scan that power profound?

XXI.

Earth breaks upon my view, a sandy shore,
 A lonely desert by the ocean's side,
 Whose plains the sweeping tempest oft hath tore,
 When madly on the wild typhoon did ride,
 The king of storms, did in his state preside;
 And, when those storms at rest, are hushed, are still,
 The burning sunbeams in their strength abide,
 Turning the river's stream into a rill,
 Drinking the nightly dews from every rocky hill.

XXII.

Lone Afric, sandy, barren, waste, and wild,
 Clime of the sun, of light, of heat, of fire,
 Where weeps the sable mother o'er her child,
 A victim from its birth to deepest ire,
 Heir of the monster scourge, that will not tire.
 Hark! from those strawbuilt sheds what constant groans
 From parent hearts are heav'd; what sighs suspire,
 For those who past to other burning zones, [bones.
 Strew, o'er a distant land, their white, their mould'ring

XXIII.

Land, where the brand of war hath ever burn'd,
Where life's rich stream hath ever fully flowed ;
Homes, where humanity hath never turn'd,
To make with carnage dire its bland abode,
But o'er whose hills, whose plains hath ever rode
Destructive war, with wild and brutish force,
And monster ignorance, with fiendish goad,
Have kept thro' time's long round their onward course.
And, when a change did come, it aye was for the worse.

XXIV.

Here, while the burning sun the day beguiles,
And sleeps in glimm'ring wavings on the sand,
His lengthen'd way the poisonous serpent wiles,
With purpose fell, along the barren land :
Or basks the crocodile upon the strand
Of some lone river, in the noonday hush,
While round him sport his new hatch'd numerous band.
See ! how the panther's eyes glare in yon bush—
Hark to that howl ! behold him on the monster rush !

XXV.

Land, that in night art never calmly still,
Or dark in gloom, or lit with moonlight sheen,
What roarings then thy desert vallies fill,
What forms terrific on thine hills are seen !

The leopard howls—the' hyena screams—between
The jabb'ring ape doth chatter evermore ;
And then the jackal's cry—how shrill—how keen,
And, where the antelope hath shed its gore,
Hark to that awful sound ! the lordly lion's roar !

XXVI.

Away, the land with blood is all defil'd,
From end to side, on ev'ry sea-wash'd shore,
From where Morocco look on Calpé wild,
Or Hope's far Cape looks southern oceans o'er,
Or where on Mozambique the loud waves roar.
Away, my wings away, seek other lands,
Pass the broad Nile, where wide its waters pour,
Over that waste where roam the Arab bands,
O'er Judah's trancéd hills, where holy Zion stands.

XXVII.

Hail, blessed land of promise, made and found,
Land of the aged prophet, priest and king,
Where first the golden harp gave out its sound,
Where David's voice did once melodious sing,
And holy breathings to the Highest bring ;
Where he, the Lord of all, did hold the shield,
And o'er his chosen ones protection fling,
Through wand'ring ways, and on the battle field
His vengeance hurl'd, and made the heathen nations yield.

XXVIII.

Lost ones of Zion, weep, lament, and groan,
For Salem's splendid towers have pass'd away,
The glories of your Temple, too, are gone,
How faintly mark'd the spot where once they lay !
Your throne is fall'n, and past your kingly sway ;
Now scorn'd of all, ye wander, far and wide,
The outcasts of this world—to all a prey—
On ev'ry shore where flows the ocean's tide,
A mark of God's unfailing truth—ye singly bide.

XXIX.

Thou, that art desolate, I pass thee o'er,
And flit away to other, distant lands ;
Jerusalem is pass'd, and now that shore,
With rude rocks strewn, and burning, barren sands,
Beside the lone Dead sea, far spread, expands ;
There lie the wicked, in their wat'ry tomb,
Waiting the doom their wickedness demands ;
Deep down within thy filthy, slimy gloom,
Thou sea of molten brass—thou mark of monstrous doom.

XXX.

I move, behold Sinai's brow, on high
See Horeb lift its ancient tomb-crown'd head,
How peer they upward in the burning sky !
Where is the Edomite ? ah ! whither fled ?

Fall'n Petra see! with all her children dead,
Silence and desolation in her reign,
No sound is in her but the faint, slow tread
Of wand'ring Arab, with his thievish train,
Winding his sultry way, across the sandy plain.

XXXI.

Arabia lies below—the desert—see
How rude the rended rocks confuséd lie,
Strewing the beach along the faint Red sea,
Through which did Israel's host once trembling hie,
Ere Miriam yet had breath'd her song of joy.
Above those hills the fiery pillar shone,
There Israel slept, while He was watching nigh
Who led them through those desert wilds unknown,
Thro' years of toil, then made the promis'd land their own.

XXXII.

Where flows Euphrates on its winding way?
Which the green vales, where still its waters glide?
Where is the spot, where Babylon once lay?
Her hundred gates, and Belus' tower's high pride,
Where doth the rich, the grand, the mighty hide?
Ah! doth that faint low mound alone declare
Where once she stood, that silver thread beside?
How lone! how lost! erewhile so passing fair!
Where is her kingly state? her satraps' pride—oh! where?

XXXIII.

Away, o'er Ararat, above its brow,
To where the Caspian's silver waters sleep,
On, on to where the turban'd heads low bow
Before the Persian throne—still onward keep
Above the Himalaya's highest steep—
There rest awhile—there pause—nigh India's clime :
Glide down, and on her ancient wonders peep,
Her palace grandeur, pagod high ; what time
When fierce the burning sun pursues his course sublime.

XXXIV.

See Ganges winding round, pass slowly on,
Where queenly Delhi rears her gilded halls,
Or where Benares' glories now are gone,
And ruin hangs about her mould'ring walls ;
Where sinks the sun, and faintly murm'ring falls
The sacred stream, between its trancéd shores,
The gentle Hindoo, in his meekness crawls,
And o'er his form the chaste ablution pours,
While from the jungle's gloom, the monster tiger roars.

XXXV.

Transcendent land, theme of the bygone sage,
The poet's song, and old historic lore,
Whose deeds of war or peace, the long, long page
Of hist'ry holds within its hidden store,

For modern men to muse and ponder o'er ;
Or tales of wonders, which have oft beguil'd
Bright hours of youth, upon some distant shore
Enchantments dire—the goule—the genii wild,
Golconda's teeming mines, where jewels rich are pil'd.

XXXVI.

Adown, where lies the Indian ocean, spread
Wide as the thoughts of man can flow, how bright
The glassy main lies sleeping, as 'twere dead,
And isles unnumber'd break upon the sight,
Shining in splendour, in the noonday light ;
What variéd forms, there deck the wat'ry field !
Who shall their numbers tell, their names recite,
Their beauteous treasur'd stores, to whom reveal'd ?
They seem like burning jewels, on a silver shield.

XXXVII.

Away once more, and soar the mighty void,
O'er Siam, in its brutish ignorance base,
Swift as the sweeping tempest onward ride,
Past where the Chinese keep their timid pace ;
Proudest, and weakest, of the human race.
Avoid the Tartar's wild and distant plain,
Where nomad still, unchang'd remains the race.
Away, and Asia's utmost bourne attain,
Then pass the bounding strait, the new world's wat'ry chain.

XXXVIII.

Ah ! woods and wilds—ah ! loneliness profound—
Dark forest haunts, and close retiring vales—
Glens, where the falling axe did never sound,
Nor shook the bough, but to the passing gales !
Ah ! lonely woods, a power remote assails
Your long enduring, and your soaring pride ;
Your gloom it treads, your highest hills it scales,
And creeps along each winding river's side,
A peopled flood is flowing, wide as ocean's tide.

XXXIX.

And thou, that through such long, long years hast been,
In vegetative wildness stealing on,
Thou, in whose solitudes, there nought hath been,
Save creatures wild, thy solitude is done,
The red man flies, his day is past, is gone ;
And, from the lands that lie beyond the main,
Unnumber'd people through thy vallies run,
Raise the proud city, on the wide stretch'd plain,
And, where the woods once wav'd, now waves the golden
grain.

XL.

Land of the free—home of a people's choice—
Where noble hearts their charter'd rights maintain,
Whose hills return glad freedom's trancéd voice,
Whose waves, her rich, her boundless gifts sustain,

And fill her ports with gems brought o'er the main.
Stand up, ye free, while far your power is hurl'd ;
Rend, from the captive rend, the galling chain,
Victorious ride where'er your flag's unfurl'd,
And be the future seat of empire for the world.

XLI.

I pass, where gleaming inland seas are spread,
Where rivers sweep, and deaf'ning torrents roar ;
O'er silent solitudes—how lone, how dread ;
And clear'd glens, with men all scatter'd o'er.
Where white wing'd ships are winding round the shore,
Up, on the mountain's side, the forest rides,
Whose wilds the hunter's eye did ne'er explore,
What thousand rills the woody shadow hides,
How wide, how bright, the lordly Mississippi glides.

XLII.

Another sea—another glassy main—
Wide spread, reflects the cloudless, purple sky,
Encircled by a long, a mountain chain,
Which two vast worlds together fast doth tie ;
And gleamy isles in eastern beamings lie,
Those isles, where once the swarthy slave did groan,
In fetters, chains, did weep, lament, and die ;
But haply now is hush'd the midnight moan,
The scourge is gone, the fetters in the sea are thrown.

XLIII.

Sing ! in the isles where burns the beamy sun,
Sing ! on the waves, where breasts the vessel's prow,
Sing ! the oppressor's monster race is run,
Sing ! for the searing iron no more shall plough
Its furrow'd mark, upon the dark one's brow !
Sing ! for the rescu'd—Afric's sable train ;
Shout through those burning isles, proclaim, avow,
'Tis o'er, 'tis past, the dark, the fiendish reign—
The slave is free—Britain at last hath broke the chain !

XLIV.

Away, pass on, to where the southern beam
Doth sleep—where Andes up ascendeth high,
Above whose peaks the condor's voice doth scream,
When he doth in the heavenly regions pry,
Braving the sun with his untaméd eye ;
How wide those plains the eye now passeth o'er,
Through which La Plata's stream doth seaward hie ;
How rude, how lone, is far Magellan's shore,
And round the southern Cape how loud the ocean's roar !

XLV.

And here, how fast the crimson stream hath flow'd ;
And war, with desolation, o'er the land,
Through troubl'd years have kept their onward road,
And steep'd with native blood the greedy sand ;

And here, while freedom held the shining brand,
The panting slave beneath the scourge hath lain,
The timid Indian learn'd as man to stand
And fight ; where thou hast mark'd thy monster stain,
Thy children have thine harvest reap'd, proud bigot Spain.

XLVI.

Scourge of the innocent, thou more than worst
Of bloody conq'rors, slayer of thy kind,
O'er all these hills, these plains, thy name is curs'd,
And thou art slain, where'er her waters wind ;
Blood, thou hast now for blood, dark bigot mind.
What screams, and yells, are round thy funeral pyre !
Wide, through the brutish land, all powers have join'd,
To mock, insult, and slay with passing ire,
They see thee fall, proud state, thy tyrant reign expire.

XLVII.

Where was thy power, in such an awful time ?
Thy distant power, why slept thy ruthless sword ?
Hadst thou no vengeance for this injur'd clime ?
Where was the rack, the knife, the fire, the cord ?
Blessings of thine, which thou couldst aye afford !
Ah ! thou wert down, wert prostrate on the ground,
Thy throne was void, a captive was thy lord ;
The cords with which thou hadst thy victims bound
Were on thy powerless self, thy name for scorn a sound.

XLVIII.

And still thou art in degradation prone,
A victim to thyself, thou canst not rise ;
How long, rebellion o'er thine hills hath flown,
How long, thy streets have echo'd murders' cries,
Religion's power within thy temple dies,
And he, he great, hath mark'd thee with his brand,
Vengeance is his, that vengeance on thee lies,
Thou that didst so destroy in this far land,
Thou bigot, godless one, art fall'n by thine own hand.

XLIX.

There is an isle, o'er ocean, far away,
Stretch wide my wings, speed, speed, with swiftest flight,
O'er rolling waves, above their silver spray,
Through cloudy fields, and plains of shining light ;
Swift as the wind, I pass, to catch the sight !
Ah ! there she lies, wrapt in her azure zone,
Queen of the wat'ry world, how fair, how bright,
Her cliffs of white, her hills of green, alone,
There, on its firm foundation, rests the ocean's throne.

L.

Not ocean's throne, alone, for wide her power
Extends to ev'ry near and distant clime ;
Where northern storms, in gloomy darkness lower,
Or o'er the Indian world the sun doth climb,

Where fade his evening rays, or morning's prime
Is lit with beamings from its golden face,
Where'er he turns, through all the hours of time,
Her skirts he lights, through all his beamy race,
For ever holds her empire in his rich embrace.

LI.

Oh ! glorious isle, first on the rolls of fame,
Whose wingéd ships, on ev'ry ocean glide,
And bear, through all the world, thine honour'd name,
Whose flag, in ev'ry distant port doth ride ;
However far—howe'er remote—or wide—
Thy name to all things in this world is join'd ;
But, first of all, it is thy noblest pride,
That thou dost reign supreme in things refin'd,
Thy throne is bas'd on workings of thy mighty mind.

LII.

Blest isle, like to the golden, noonday sun,
Thou now art in the zenith of thy way,
Like him, how nobly hast thou upward run,
Thou sittest now imperial in thy sway ;
But he will sink, and end his rich display,
And thou must bend, like all things gone before,
Thy kingly state will fall by slow decay ;
And when, like Rome, thy day of power is o'er,
Thy glorious name will last, till time shall be no more.

LIII.

Soft, while I sing, the earth doth calmly move,
Upon her axis turns. The western main
Is all on fire, with beamings from above,
Where down the ethereal blue the sun doth wane ;
He sinks, and other realms his beams attain :
While she, the mistress of the starry night,
From eastern climes upborne, begins her reign,
The faint blue vault, moon-lit, is shining bright,
The prostrate earth to silver turns, in her faint light.

LIV.

Hail ! beautiful—transcendent—calm—serene,
Still as the grave, but bright as beamy heaven,
Uplifted, far, above this low terrene,
Chaste, as the minds to holy angels given,
Pure as the thoughts when dying saints are shriven ;
Sister of earth, companion of her way,
While round the starry plains her orb is driven,
Hail thou, whose light doth through the heavens play,
Queen of the silent night, the myriad stars array,

LV.

I pass thee by, spirit of lonely night,
Chief of the cloudy realms, I pass thee by,
Away, beyond the streaming of thy light,
Through boundless, trackless, fields of dark blue sky,

O'er star-lit wilds, on fanciéd wings I fly,
To where that fiery shield is burning red,
Circumference of flame, of deepest dye,
Emblem of him whom trembling mortals dread,
Mars of the skies pass on, on thy long journey sped.

LVI.

Away, to where the belted one doth sail,
Sweeping the void, with his attendant train,
Gloomy in distance, faint, how faintly pale,
He holds his course, along the dark'ning plain,
There takes him back that borrow'd light again,
From his attendant worlds, that silvery ray,
Which they, in that far distance, do attain,
From him whose light doth form the beamy day,
And thus through endless space he keeps upon his way.

LVII.

Again I move in thick'ning, deep'ning gloom,
I pass the trackless, stretching, widening void,
I shake o'er nought my fanciéd wingéd plume,
And on, through space illimitable glide,
I see that wondrous, shining circle ride
In space, and wrap its zone around thine orb,
Saturnus, and thy lonely path beside,
Those worlds attendant, beaming on superb,
And all this silvery sheen, thou dost, vast one, absorb.

LVII.

Ah ! deep'ning shades, how fast, how thick ye fall,
How gloomy grows my far, my devious way ;
And yet, there is another earthly ball
Whose beams in outer distance faintly play,
Whose darkling path, attending worlds survey ;
That new-seen star, that world so lately found,
So long unknown, so faint in this our day,
Whose name, conjunctive with our king's is found,
The skies are vocal with that good, that gracious sound.

LIX.

No more, no more, imagination dies,
My soul grows powerless, in this far domain ;
I turn again to brighter, beaming skies,
Stretch wide my fancied wings, once more regain
Those sunny realms, where light and life do reign :
Ah ! what doth beam in heaven's starry dome,
And drag those million miles of shining train,
Whence, threading thro' those myriad suns doth come
That stranger to our skies, and whither doth it roam ?

LX.

What is the errand of this shining one ?
The purport of its strange, uncertain call ?
Where pass the long, long years, when it is gone ?
Through what far distant systems flies the ball ?

How held so long away, in captive thrall?
And, when returning, why so shortly dwell?
Why steal so swiftly o'er our midnight's pall?
Who shall make known, dissolve the secret spell?
God of these countless worlds, 'tis thou alone canst tell.

LXI.

Lone wand'rer of infinitude, pass on,
To regions past the stretch of human thought,
Turn ye, my wings, to seek the golden sun,
In splendour thron'd, with teeming glory fraught,
Sustaining power of worlds, which God hath wrought,
That holds those worlds which constant round him fly,
The distant orb, my wand'ring eyes have caught,
And now, my daring spirit, seek and try
That goal to win, that throne of this resplendent sky.

LXII.

I stand before the portals of the sun,
I bask me in its streams of seeming fire,
I rest, my course through heaven's train is run;
The bourn is gain'd, I can no more aspire;
Mine eyes are sear'd, I can no more acquire;
I bend, I sink, before the throne I fall,
And list for soundings of the heavenly quire:
No sounds I catch, no songs my sense intrall,
Have I not found the house of Him who ruleth all?

LXIII.

What million suns, all thickly round are strewn !
Above—below—about—on every side
This teeming nothingness—how richly sown,
Up stretching—down—away—how far and wide
They baseless rest—upheld on nought they bide.
Then, where the throne of Him these suns hath made
Round which such million, million worlds do ride,
Where hath he its foundations firmly laid ?
Where rear'd that seat of power by his own aid ?

LXIV.

Spirit of greatness, Lord of boundless power,
Goodness complete, of life, of endless love,
Sustain thy wondrous works, through ev'ry hour
That time shall mark, while round these worlds do move,
About their path be thy perfections wove,
For me, who all thy greatness, goodness own,
Still let me all that gracious goodness prove,
And when, as now, that time for aye hath flown,
Let me be found, before thine high parental throne.

TWELVE

SONNETS:

A SERIES ENTITLED,

THE BARD'S INHERITANCE.

THE BARD'S INHERITANCE.

SONNET I.

INSPIRING muse, that woo'd so long hast been,
By all the brethren of the tuneful shell,
Most sought of those, whose flowing song hath well
Repaid thine holy inspiration—seen
In gushes of the heart—how strong—yet keen—
The overflowing of each flooded swell,
And thou art banish'd far, no more to dwell
Thy bards among—inspiring songs serene.
Return, oh ! chaste one, in this evening hour,
While day declines, return—thine ancient power
Proclaim ; and build once more thine holy shrine.
Thou that didst Homer—Virgil—Milton, move
To woo thee with the blandest sounds of love,
Oh ! strew thy lustre on this song of mine.

SONNET II.

STRONG aspirations of the heart, awake, .

Now that the banish'd muse, once more doth deign
To visit earth, and re-assume her reign.

Her words shall sound, as heretofore she spake,
And of our simple thoughts rich music make.

Oh ! joyous thought, that she doth come again
To wake the world with her entrancing strain,
Which we once more, rejoicing, shall partake.

Those treasur'd things, that round her lyre do twine,
With bounteous hand she gives, and they are mine,
Mine are her thoughts, her words, and mine her song,
All nature's mine, in her chaste loveliness,
When unadorn'd, or in her brightest dress,
Wake then my lay, these wondrous things among.

SONNET III.

MINE are the flowers that scent the breath of spring,
The op'ning buds, the blossoms blown, the gay
First harbingers, that richly strew the way
With balmy sweets, ere that the summer fling
A royal robe upon the earth, and bring
Its gaudy gems. The first faint things that lay
Their modest meekness by the charmed way,
Where whisp'ring winds their moaning choral sing,
The tender primrose, that in covert lies,
The waving cowslip, with its golden eyes,
The daffodil, that in the soft wind swings,
Blue harebells, on the lone heath trembling spread,
The ladysmock, that waves its silver head,
Mine are they all—these rich—these beauteous things.

SONNET IV.

THE mighty mountains, soaring high, I claim,
Alps in their grandeur, and their rugged pride,
With granite heads, that in the clouds do hide,
He, whom a ceaseless robe of white doth name,
Lord of the lesser heights—and endless fame,
Italian Apennines—far stretching, wide,
And that long chain, that with its base doth stride
From sea to sea—and veils Iberia's shame ;
The vast array that lie round Cambria's dells,
With northern Cumbria's wildest falling fells,
And Scotia's steeps, that stretch her shores along,
Andes—uplifted to the purple sky—
With thousands more that mem'ry passes by
All shall be mine to name in holy song.

SONNET V.

THE deep blue vault and starry train are mine,
The lonely solitude of silent night—
The mountain clouds that lie in masses white,
On which the rays of queenly Cynthia shine—
Each solitary star—each clust'ring sign,
Arcturus, Orion, and the rugged wight
That roams around the zenith's topmost height :
Ascending orbs, and those which slow decline.
The stranger lights, that in the heavens trail
Their fiery trains—as through the void they sail.
The lab'ring planets, in their constant round—
All, all are mine, of which the wise e'er wrote,
To vision nigh, or far away remote,
With thoughts that stretch beyond their utmost bound.

SONNET VI.

MINDS of the mighty ones, who now are fled,
Dreams of the silent, who have pass'd away,
Bequeathéd treasures of the sleeping clay,
Profundity of thoughts, left by the quiet dead—
All these are mine—wherever widely spread.
Mine, all the tale that history's book doth say,
And mine, the poet's heaven inspiréd lay ;
O'er all to muse, and through their workings thread.
The kingdom's rise, the empire's whelming fall,
The slave's deep groans, and freedom's wakening call,
War's monster page, with blood strewn o'er and o'er,
The epic song, and that transcendent sound
That in the minor poet's page is found,
And mine, the dream of wild romantic lore.

SONNET VII.

THE ruin'd tower that stands upon the steep,
Mocking the storms, through slowly passing years,
The cloister's remnant, that so lonely peers
Through ivy boughs, in far retirement deep ;
Watching the dead, that round its base now sleep.
The feudal hall, once hung with helms and spears—
A falling mass—o'er which no roof appears ;
All sunk to this by time's prolengthen'd sweep.
The shapeless hut, upon the wild hill's side,
Where time gone by did merry hearts abide ;
Now rank weeds bend them in the wild winds' play.
The barrow still, where sleep the warrior band
Who fell in unknown fights, where now I stand
To muse, and meditate my life away.

SONNET VIII.

THE slowly coming shades of eve I own,
The purple glow—the gold besprinkl'd cloud—
The sinking sun—in fading grandeur proud
Retiring slow—majestic—seaward prone.
And she who upward looks, to her high throne
Advancing—circl'd with her amber shroud.
The smaller lights, that all the concave crowd,
Then blushing shrink behind her silver zone.
The moaning sounds that roam around the vale—
The wind's last whisper'd faintly dying wail—
That streak, the last of day's rich mellow light;
And by the stream—the kine's last tired low
That booms adown upon the waters' flow,—
Mine are they all—that harbinger the night.

SONNET IX.

THE full—the deep—the solemn rolling sound
That through the vistas of the aisles doth steal,
With human voices join'd in mingl'd peal ;
Circling each quaintly carvéd column round.
The mailéd statues of the great renown'd,
The jewell'd shrines which burning lights reveal,
Retiring glooms which mitr'd saints conceal,
All mix'd with thoughts, of life and death profound.
The beams which through the painted windows fall,
In gaudy colours strewing tomb and stall—
The shadowy saints that in those windows shine,
Look up mine eyes—that streaming radiance see,
Oh ! list mine ears, those sounds which round ye flee—
Drink deep my soul—for all, for all are thine.

SONNET X.

THE burning lights, that in the mind are pent,
The first faint germs of wild poetic song,
Those breathéd sighs, that to the muse belong,
Which, from the lab'ring heart, are softly rent
In charmed sounds and glowing sentiment ;
Through all her winding lengths to flow along,
Beam'd with her light, and in her strength made strong.
These things I ask. Say, hath the chaste one lent
Her aid to weave rich things from memory's store—
To mould and mix her light with nature's lore,
To catch the charm imagination brings,
To robe, with inspiration's trancéd stole,
And then, while aspiration wakes the soul,
To flit with fancy on her eagle wings.

SONNET XI.

MINE is the ocean's monster bed—profound
And dark—and deep—among its gloomy caves—
But beautiful where roll its curling waves,
Dashing along with joyous hissing sound.
And mine the white wing'd ships that lightly bound,
While through their sails the sweeping wild wind raves.
The sandy bay, whose shore the water laves,
And treasur'd spoils, that in her depths abound—
The wand'ring iceberg, roaming far and wide—
The icy cliff above the frozen tide—
The northern and the southern sweeping storms—
The beauteous isles that sleep in Indian seas—
The coral reefs, that soon to isles increase,
And gem the ocean with their shadowy forms.

SONNET XII.

MINE is old time—from its first opening day,
When beamy light illum'd the new made sky,
And pour'd a stream upon this earth to lie,
Thro' day's young round, in new made grandeur play,
Ere coming night should steal the charm away.
All that on earth's wide space one doth espy,
The past—the present—that so soon will fly,
And all its recollections hence convey.
The onward path, where new found things will come,
The joys, and sorrows, of each new made home.
The beaming hopes that on the vista shine;
Memorials strong of all that hence have flown,
And with impressions clear of what I own,
Dreams of eternity, that will be mine.

THE FUNERAL
OF THE
EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

He sought the helm of state to guide,
In war's rude shock to gain renown,
O'er prostrate nations wildly ride,
A throne assume—and don a crown ;
With madd'ning words that fiercely burn
To agitate the human mind,
All things to prove—and greatly learn,
To sow the storm, and reap the wind.

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LE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE :—Sire, I present to your Majesty the
remains of the Emperor Napoleon.

LOUIS PHILIPPE :—I receive them in the name of France.

PUBLIC PAPERS.

INTRODUCTORY SONNETS.

THE CONQUERORS.

THEY come to curse, they come to fright the world
With evils that we dream not of ; they come
And change the aspect of our joyous home.
With fiery vengeance, from their missiles hurl'd,
Destruction flies, and when their smoke hath curl'd,
'Tis horror all. The path of life is red
From flowing founts, that have in wrath been shed
From manly unoffending hearts ; as whirl'd
The fury of their tempest past. And then
The marks of woe they leave behind, about,
And through the sick'ning course of their sad route ;
How beats the heart awhile the eye doth ken,
Where pass'd the conq'ror in his furious pace,
Leaving such marks behind his path to trace.

WHENCE COME THEY.

WHENCE come they from, and whither are they bound,
Who arm'd and led them to the field ; their course
Who guided, and propell'd their mighty force ;
Their arm upheld, upon the battle ground
Gave power and strength—yet fix'd the final round
Of their destructive sway ? Oh say, whose choice
Awoke the cannon's roar, and gave a voice
Of terror to the trumpet's awful sound ?
Ask ye, who guides the whirlwind's flight, or who
Doth bid the thunder roll, the ocean roar,
When sweeps the tempest its wide bosom o'er
In furious gusts, or who expos'd to view
The placid main at rest—the winds all still :
Whose high command infinitude doth fill ?

FRANCE.

Oh ! for a land in garish beauty drest,
A clime of smiles, of flow'ry scents, and all
The riches that on nature's lap do fall.
Of sun-lit skies, where clouds do seldom rest
To shroud the light, or veil the mountain's crest,
To hide the ruin on the rocky steep,
Or drink the streams that through its vallies creep,
Oh ! for a land where all is beauteous—best—
Where sounds the song of days gone by—the lay
That swells the heart, and mix'd with music's tone,
The night winds sigh, while on her azure throne
The moon doth ride, and shed a second day.
A land, which night, or day, is vision, trance ;
And such is thine—Oh ! gay, inconstant France !

A FALLING NATION.

WHAT shall be done unto a wicked realm,
Whose people have forsook their God, and gone
In pride of intellect, false ways upon ;
And to the base delivered up the helm
Of power. Say, shall they not the great o'erwhelm,
And lay the throne and kingly state in dust ?
Where shall the altar be, and those who trust
In its weak strength : when godless men do overwhelm
The tide of right, in blind destruction's ways—
Who shall be guide when all must rule—and who
Shall save a sinking state—when each one's view
Is blinded by ambition's furtive rays ?
Alas, the hour, when all these things do fall
Upon thy sinking state, O faithless Gaul.



AND PHILIP WAS THE LIVERPOOL JOHN NO HIS REIGN
 WAS HE FOUND MONSTER IN THE END AND THEN
 NOT SO HE HAD POSTERITY AND THE SNOWY FAIR
 IN HIS SLEIGH AND HIS STATES WERE GIFT AGAIN
 FORTAL WIND THE LIVERPOOL JOHN

THE
.
FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

I.

SAINT Catherine's mount to the clouds lifts its brow,
While its base is o'erflow'd by the Seine,
And Rouen her thousands is sending forth now
To sit on the rocks, and to hang on each bough,
There to watch for a soon-coming train.

II.

And we will ascend, by the long-winding road,
Which so many have travell'd before,
To observe, like us, where fair Rouen hath strew'd
Her towers and steeples—her antique abode,
Far adown on the Seine's winding shore.

III.

On the banks of the Seine what myriads stand,
Who are eyeing the fast-flowing stream ;
The young sons and the daughters of Gaul's proud land,
The humble, the high, and the warrior band,
In the morning's first opening gleam.

IV.

The trumpets are ready, the match is prepar'd,
And the cannon are plac'd on each hill,
For he comes, who hath oft in their glory shar'd,
Who hath led them in war, when each arm they bar'd,
And of murdering each took his fill.

V.

Let the trumpet speak out with its brazen voice,
Let the thundering cannon reply ;
When he comes, the lov'd one of this people's choice,
Fill the skies with his praise, and aloud rejoice,
As he passes auspiciously by.

VI.

See them pass, the long train in their grand array,
With their emperor, conq'ror, and king.
Oh ! joy for this great and this glorious day,
When they thro' the glad land keep their onward way,
And thus home their great conqueror bring.

VII.

But how comes he, the great and the mighty one ?

In his crimson and purple array'd ?

Is a crown of bright gold round his brows put on,

Is he deck'd with rich jewels in battle won,

With a sceptre his valour hath made ?

VIII.

Are smiles on his cheek, is delight in his eye,

As he moves to his people all round ?

Doth he scatter rich gifts to them who are nigh,

Doth he wile with soft words as he passes by,

This their emperor, sceptr'd and crown'd ?

IX.

Ah no ! the bland tone of his voice is gone still,

And the flash of his eye is not seen,

The power he once had, and the mind to do ill,

Are at rest, and that sword which much blood did spill,

Are now powerless, and long since have been.

X.

Then sound the loud trump, beat the drum, beat amain,

And arouse him to glory once more,

Wave wild in the breeze his bright banner again,

Bid his thunders of war awake o'er the plain,

And his eagles aloft let them soar.

D

XI.

He wakes not, he speaks not, he cannot reply,
He is silent for ever on earth,
His spirit hath pass'd to be judg'd 'yond the sky,—
A clod of the valley alone meets the eye,
All insensate to sorrow or mirth.

XII.

But how could he die, and how steal from the world,
From the creatures who call'd him their own?—
We saw when in battle his flag was unfurl'd,
We knew he had conquer'd one half of the world,
And had took his high seat on a throne.

XIII.

But the tempest of war came around him again,
And once more was his safety assail'd,
He moved in his pomp, o'er the battle's red plain,
He hurried him on through the blood of the slain,
And in turn to a conqueror quail'd.

XIV.

Did he die on that day of his deep disgrace,
Did he fall like the heroes of old?
No! he fled in his fear—with the wind's wild pace!
Left his sceptre and throne, his station and place,
And he pass'd like a tale that is told.

XV.

There's a rock stands alone in the wild, wide main,
Which the sky and the waters surround,
'Twas the home of the fall'n, who had ceas'd to reign,
And 'twas there, through long years, with the captive's
Was this second Prometheus bound. [chain,

XVI.

Through long years,—oh, how long to his aching thought
Did those years of captivity seem !
For with hope's cheering light his mind was ne'er fraught,
Again from his prison that he should be brought,
Or his mind with contentment e'er teem.

XVII.

The wife of his bosom, who shar'd in his throne,
Had then left whom the world had forsook ;
And that child of his age, whom he joy'd to own,
Never turn'd to the place where he wept alone,
Nor cast on him one pitying look.

XVIII.

Then while over him pass'd each wearisome hour,
As he sat in his lonely abode,
Did mem'ry bring back the dread thought of each power,
That sunk 'neath his arm, when in victory's hour,
He triumphantly over them rode ?

XIX.

When he felt the fierce heat of the tropic gleam,
Did he think on that murdering band,
Whom he led to the fight on the Nile's wide stream?
Did he hear once again the Arab's wild scream,
As he heard it in Egypt's dark land?

XX.

Did he muse on his march o'er the desert sand?
Or on Jaffa's considerate day?
Or on Acre's grey towers, where a British band
Arrested his march, and made strengthless his hand,
Whence he fled a deserter away?

XXI.

And when night o'er his rock spread its sable cloud,
And he sunk with the weary to rest,
Did a spirit pass by, in its crimson'd shroud?
Was he palsied with fear, while the wild winds loud
Were fierce shaking the rock that he prest?

XII.

When he woke in dismay, did memory's light
Bring him back the long years that were gone,
When the towers of Vincennes, at dark midnight,
Re-echo'd the sound, and the quick flash of light,
And the murder'd one's deep dying groan?

XXIII.

Did his wand'ring thoughts to that land ever turn,
The bright land of the Tiber and Po,
On whose banks his first laurels the fiend did earn,
Where his war-fire the palace and hut did burn,
And their streams with rich blood made to flow ?

XXIV.

Of Germany's land, and her thick forest shade,
Which he steep'd in her children's rich gore ;
Of the desolate creatures his sword had made,
When her husbands and sons side by side were laid,
Where his whirlwind of war had pass'd o'er ?

XXV.

Of Prussia the brave, though defeated so oft,
Where the stripes of his banners were seen,
'Mid the roar of his cannon they stream'd aloft,
Till their monarch's frail crown he had well nigh doff'd,
While he meanly insulted his queen ?

XXVI.

Of Holland's wide fields, of the bold Switzerland,
Still the cradle of liberty said ;
Where the white snow that lies on her mountains grand,
Was crimson'd with blood, that was shed by his band,
While the streams in her vallies ran red ?

XXVII.

Forgot he the treacherous time, when he sought
With deceit, and with guile, to repay
The bravesons of the south, where each breast was fraught
With the precepts of honour their fathers taught,
Yet that honour he sought to betray ?

XXVIII.

How the swarms 'neath his power he made to hie
O'er the sun-gilded mountains of Spain,
How they swept through her vallies with fearful cry,
Burnt her cities, her temples—yet vainly try
To cast o'er her brave sons his vile chain ?

XXIX.

When the tempest swept past in the darksome night,
'Mid the roar, and the lightning's red gleam,
Did it picture again the furious fight,
The city's sear'd walls, and the convent's fierce light,
With the cloister's wild heart-rending scream ?

XXX.

When he turn'd his dark mind from that dreadful day,
Alas ! where did the wanderer fly ?
Sought he refuge with those whom he led astray,
To the land of the north, a long weary way,
Which he took them to perish and die ?

XXXI.

Remember'd he, then, how he stood in his pride,
While a million of victims pass'd by ;
The kings and the creatures who stood by his side,
To witness the flow of that vast human tide,
With its banners all streaming on high ?

XXXII.

Of their wearisome toil, by day and by night,
Of their long dreary marchings—how far—
Of their sleepless repose, by the watch-fires' light,
Of the hurrying on, and the foe's wild flight,
Ere he enter'd the home of the Czar ?

XXXIII.

Of the queen of the north, when each spire and dome
Was illumin'd by autumn's last ray,
Whose thousands had fled from their long cherish'd home,
Unfriended—unhous'd—in the forests to roam,
Ere they'd own for one moment his sway ?

XXXIV.

How desolate then were those gorgeous halls,
Where he quarter'd his kings and his powers ;
See ! they hang their bright arms on her silent walls,
Hark ! the sound of his trumpet when evening falls,
He is lord of the Kremlin's high towers !

XXXV.

How rests the ambitious—the slayer of men,
Who have brunted the battle's rude shock ;
How sleeps the brigand in his wild tangl'd glen,
Where 'mid rude rifted rocks he maketh his den ?—
Ask the fiend who is chain'd to a rock !

XXXVI.

Oh ! lovely is night in its mantle of blue,
When the moon on her journey doth move,
And the hind, far away from the vain world's view,
Lies at rest ; and soft sleep, like the falling dew,
Doth come down from the heavens above.

XXXVII.

And was such the repose that *he* took that night,
When the home of the Czar was his own ;
When the Czar and his hosts he had put to flight,
And the star of his destiny burnt so bright,
And all creatures before him had flown ?

XXXVIII.

No, the star of his destiny rul'd no more,
It had pass'd to its zenith that day,
And history hence, in its sure graven lore,
Doth mark how his followers' fame was gone o'er,
And his glory departed away.

XXXIX.

And what is this glory, that through their heart thrills,
Is it peace and good will to all men ;
Is it grateful sensation the mind that fills,
For their corn-waving fields, their vine-cover'd hills,
And their home in the far away glen ?

XL.

Ah, no—it is war, with its furious cry,
Aye, the curse of all things that are good.
'Tis the cannon's loud roar, the flash on the eye,
Of the victims who fall, and blaspheming die,
In the streaming of fast-flowing blood.

XLI.

Away with reflection—how pass'd he the night,
As he lay in his pomp and his ire ;
Hark ! a shout, he is rous'd, and a stream of light
Meets his eye as he wakens in wild affright,
All around him 's consuming in fire.

XLII.

The elements now the commotion have join'd,
To his window how frantic his turn ;
What sees he ? the flames in their wrath have combin'd
To ride through the streets with the fast flying wind,
And each palace and temple to burn.

LI.

The stream of the fast flowing river so wide,
Stays their step—they no longer move on :
His cohorts, his cannon, fall into the tide,
Those sink, and these perish—what thousands there died,
Pass'd away, and for ever were gone !

LII.

As they crept them together i' th' night's dark hour,
Oh, how many brave spirits were lost !
While fast from the dark clouds, which over them lower,
Falls the blinding sleet, and the hailstones' thick shower,
They sink dead in the keen biting frost.

LIII.

And famine was there, still with war ever found,
Gaunt, she moved o'er the snow's whiten'd glare,
While foodless they march'd thro' the day's longest round,
Still foodless they slept, on the cold frozen ground,
'Till they slept their last sleep in despair.

LIV.

They pass'd all away, in this horrible scene,
They're not found where so lately they trod ;
But such slaughter as this the world had not seen,
Since the armies of Ashur, in night's blue sheen,
Were all smit by the Angel of God.

LV.

Oh ! glory—oh ! France—and of such are the deeds,
In the page of thine hist'ry that shine,
'Tis glory to thee when humanity bleeds,
And what at thine hands are the murderer's meeds ?
Thou wilt place him a saint on a shrine.

LVI.

And where was the emperor holding his reign,
Was he found 'mongst the dying and dead ?
Not so—he had pass'd o'er the white snowy plain,
In his sledge—and his sables—thus once again
Swift as wind the deserter had fled.

LVII.

Will the mothers of France bid him welcome home,
When he comes from his greatest campaign ;
Will they crowd round his chariot wheels, while some
In despair, from their far away homes, will come
To inquire for the lost and the slain ?

LVIII.

Mourn, ye desolate, mourn, for their journey's o'er,
By the fate of rude war they're laid low ;
And the eyes ye have lov'd ye shall see no more,
The cheeks ye have kiss'd are now stain'd with their gore,
Far away they are pillow'd on snow.

LIX.

Move silently onward, thou slow coming eve,
To extend o'er the ocean's vast breast,
Oh ! haste not the sun, that's preparing to leave,
Yet seems so reluctant, as if he did grieve,
To sink down to the bed of his rest.

LX.

Be still, ye soft winds, with your murmuring sound,
As ye pass through the willow trees' leaves ;
Awake not the being whom ev'ning hath found,
Lone watching the play of your leaves on the ground,
While his bosom with life scarcely heaves.

LXI.

How rude are the rocks, that around him are thrown,
With their summits ascending so high,
The sentinel stands—and he watches alone—
The emperor sits on his rude granite throne,
With his canopy form'd of the sky.

LXII.

Thinks he on that throne which for ever is gone,
On the sceptre which with it he lost ?
Ah ! his spirit is fled—again he's upon
His war steed—again his lost battles doth con—
And his mind in war's tempest is tost.

LXIII.

Once more he's collecting the remnant of those
Who had 'scap'd from the winter's wild storms,
The creatures who fled through the fast falling snows,
Who their comrades had left to their last repose,
'Mong the wolves, who were marring their forms.

LXIV.

Thought he on the grief that was wildly exprest,
By the agoniz'd mothers of Gaul—
Who wept for those sons who were lying at rest,
O'er those who more close to their bosoms they press'd,
When they knew he had doom'd them to fall.

LXV.

He minded them not—for the feast of his eye
Was the spear, and the helmet's bright shine ;
He thought on those banners he lifted so high,
He mus'd on the camp where his armies did lie,
On the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine.

LXVI.

How soon came the battle—how soon the defeat—
Then again wet with blood was the ground ;
Again he was moving in hurried retreat,
And his foes learn'd that it had been but a cheat,
That invincible he should be found.

LXVII.

The foe still pursues him, and soon he doth learn
O'er the Rhine's rolling waters they pass,
The cannon's loud roar, through the day takes its turn,
The thick peopl'd cities through night wildly burn,
And the cottage—where is it?—alas!

LXVIII.

Of such were his thoughts in that beautiful hour,
To amuse, as they pass'd through his mind,
How vainly he struggl'd to hold fast his power,
Till conquer'd at last, to his fate he did cower,
What he could not defend he resign'd.

LXIX.

But yet, in all stations of life there is hope,
There is something still left when we fall;
And he that with kingdoms and empires did cope,
Ask'd some little spot where his mind might have scope
While he play'd with his sceptre and ball.

LXX.

He ask'd of his conq'rors, who now were grown cool,
For a spot where his glory might fade,
Like him that we read of—whom men call a fool—
Who wish'd for an island wherein he might rule—
Thus the great and the fool—kings are made.

LXXI.

And now, in his island, behold him at rest,
He will think of the vain world no more,
With wealth at his will he will surely be blest,
He will cherish the poor, in turn be carest,
And ambition and glory be o'er.

LXXII.

At eve he will walk round the cool sandy bay,
Judge what peace in that hour he will find,
He will shudder in thought, on that ruthless day,
When war's desolation still mark'd his way,
And a heaven will make of his mind.

LXXIII.

And were these his thoughts, in that deep solitude,
Was it thus he his peace did regain,
While his eye pass'd over those rocks that lay rude,
To where the bright sun in his splendour he view'd,
As he stoop'd to the wide spreading main ?

LXXIV.

Far other his views of his once island home,
Where his thoughts were all tinctur'd by pain,
Disappointed ambition—ever would come—
While longing again with destruction to roam,
Like a tiger he rended his chain.

LXXV.

What matter'd the splendour of that lovely clime,
Or the sound that did fall on his ear,
Of the matin and vesper bells' lowly chime,
That open'd and clos'd the periods of time,
'Twas the trumpet of war he would hear.

LXXVI.

He looks o'er the sea to the blue distant hills,
On those hills once a crown he had worn,
And that land was his own—how his proud mind thrills,
With fast coming thoughts, he his beating heart fills,
That his crown from his brow should be torn.

LXXVII.

'Twas night, and the bosom of ocean was spread
With his ships, and their white flowing sails :
They follow where throneless ambition hath led,
And swift through the soft yielding waters they sped,
Borne along by the fast flying gales.

LXXVIII.

'Tis morn, and his ships in their harbour do lie,
Each at rest where its anchor did fall ;
On land, once again, he prepares him to tie
His banner of blood, in the winds that pass by,
While he shouts in the land of the Gaul.

LXXIX.

That shout was re-echo'd o'er mountain and vale,
From the Alp to the far Apennine,
It fled fast along, on the wings of the gale,
The peaceful soon heard, and their cheeks they grew pale,
While the fearless his standard they join.

LXXX.

And now from all ends of the land they are come,
To be join'd in his battle array,
The prisoner comes from his troublesome home ;
While the grand rabble rout was joinéd by some
Who had fought in each former affray.

LXXXI.

Then onward, he cried, for the capital, ho !
All resistance before us is flown.
They move, and fresh strength, as they gathering go,
Like a deep flooded river they onward flow,
And the Louvre once more is his own.

LXXXII.

Then soon had the blast of his trumpet gone forth,
O'er the hills, how it sounded afar ;
While proud, he defied all the nations on earth,
He gather'd around him all he thought of worth,
On the day of his grand " Champ de Mars."

LXXXIII.

Oh ! vision of peace—with thine influence bland—
Thou dear message from One that's above,
When thou walkest abroad through a quiet land,
With meekness and charity join'd hand in hand,
To behold thee is ever to love.

LXXXIV.

And thou hadst return'd in thy chaste robe of white,
To the nations, where long thou wast lost—
Thou hadst flash'd on their eyes with thy tender light,
And they had rejoic'd in the beautiful sight,
Ah ! then why were their hopes again crost ?

LXXXV.

The tir'd world was astir, there was danger near,
With the sound of the trumpet again,
The people were shaking with horrible fear,
Once more they were lifting the sword and the spear,
For the tiger had rush'd from his den.

LXXXVI.

How quick was the stir through all nations around,
And how fast to their standards they flock,
The present was gone, and a warrior found,
They gather amain to the drum's rolling sound,
And prepare for the great final shock.

And thou too wast there—the brave son of our land,
Who hadst fought on so many a field ;
Thou hadst met his wild hordes and their spirit scar'd,
When with thee Iberia raiséd her hand,
And the foe made to flee or to yield.

LXXXVIII.

But thine, they were battles in freedom's own cause,
Thou didst fight her lost power to regain,
For those that were vanquish'd, their homes and their laws,
And loud was the shout of a nation's applause,
O'er the hills and the vallies of Spain.

LXXXIX.

And Portugal, too, in her dark orange grove,
She had seen thee her cause to maintain,
Thou hadst rended the chain which round her he wove,
From the banks of her rivers his swarms hadst drove,
And her freedom once more didst regain.

XC.

And such was the son of our own ocean isle,
Of that isle which is queen of the waves,
And oh ! may no vision of conquest beguile,
The brave sons of our land with it's fiendish wile,
E'er to conquer that men may be slaves.

XCIX.

But how shall the language of poesy tell,
Of the carnage of that evil day ;
Of Napoleon's onslaught so fierce and fell,
The flashing of fire—of the scream and loud yell—
Till the night came and cover'd the fray ?

C.

Alas for that night, with its horrors so dire,
When deep groans were enshrouded in gloom,
The horse and his rider lay stretch'd in the mire,
While faint, and more faintly, the wailings expire—
Till deep silence brought thoughts of the tomb.

CI.

But night and its darkness pass'd slowly away,
And with morn was the battle renew'd,
The roar of the cannon—the trumpet's loud bray—
The charge and repulse, and musquetry's play—
Till the field thick with slain was bestrew'd.

CII.

Alas ! for the slaughter—alas ! for the slain—
And alas ! for each creature that dies ;
But who stands the victor on Waterloo's plain ?
And who flies in affright—their home to regain ?
Ah ! 'tis France in confusion that flies.

CIII.

Who now doth approach, in his martial array,
Who hath come, now the conflict is o'er,
What sounds in the distance upon the winds play,
Whose banners have caught the sun's last dying ray ?
Prussia comes to the battle once more.

CIV.

And how right did she come, she did time it well
Her great debt to repay on the Gaul,
The great conqueror stands on that field so fell,
While loud in his ear comes the last dying yell,
And grim death is extending his pall.

CV.

France flies in despair, her far home to regain,
Prussia follows with madd'ning hurrah ;
The far away road is thick cover'd with slain,
While wide on the earth lies the deep bloody stain,
And the mothers of France that stain saw.

CVI.

Great God of the slain ! thou dear Father of all—
Thou hast witnessed this horrible fray,
Write thou down in thy book each name as they fall,
And when thy last trumpet to judgment shall call,
'Twill be thine all these deeds to repay.

CVII.

And what were the sights that lay strewn on that plain,
Where the setting sun shed his last gleams,
What the guerdon great, of ambition's long train,
Oh God ! how thy creatures, lay mangl'd and slain,
In their blood which was flowing in streams.

CVIII.

And for what did it flow—that rich crimson stream ?
'Twas that one might be monarch of all,
That whelm'd in ambition's fantastical dream,
He might dazzle the world with a crown's bright gleam,
And that kings at his footstool might fall.

CIX.

And where was he now, with his great martial train,
And with all the rich things he did own ?
If ye search o'er the field—the search will be vain—
He will not be found 'mong the wounded or slain,
For again a deserter he's flown.

CX.

How swift is the fall of the cataract vast,
And the speed of the fast coming light,
How roar'd through the night the wild horrible blast
That carried the tempest so furious past,—
These were nought to Napoleon's flight.

CXI.

He flies, and they follow—but follow in vain—
Who shall tell all the space he pass'd o'er,
How hurried the speed of the Prussian's fierce train,
But the caitiff's wild speed they could not attain,
And the Prussian beholds him no more.

CXII.

Who hath stood on the shore of the placid main,
When its beautiful waters are still,
Who hath watch'd where its anchor'd ships have lain,
When the flag fell adown 'neath the sleeping vane,
And no longer the winds the sails fill ?

CXIII.

And who hath e'er seen, when the swift flying breeze
Hath just curl'd the light waves into foam,
When with full flowing sails the tight vessel flees,
While 'round her the sea birds flit past at their ease,
And joy o'er the wild waters to roam ?

CXIV.

And such was the beautiful vision that sail'd,
Where the ocean was rolling on France,
Whilst high on the rocks there was one that loud hail'd,
'Twas he who had fled, when to fortune he quail'd,
For the ocean was now his last chance.

CXV.

He had gain'd the sea shore—though fiercely pursu'd,
By all nations now put to the ban,
He turn'd with his wiles, and would meanly intrude,
To live amongst those he had never subdu'd,
But how vain were the hopes of the man !

CXVI.

He floats on the bosom of ocean, and now
He hath felt the rich breath of the gale,
Obedient the waters give way to his prow,
While deep meditation is mark'd on his brow,
As for Britain they cheerily sail.

CXVII.

He sees her white cliffs from the ocean arise,
And he hears the waves break on her shore,
Then keen were the glances that shot from his eyes,
When safe in the harbour the gallant ship lies,
And he feels the sea's dangers are o'er.

CXVIII.

He said he would come in the day of his power,
And bring with him his own ruthless sword,
With his followers fell, in whose battle's shower,
Her greatest prosperity he would devour,
He had said—but he kept not his word.

CXIX.

And thus he had come, in the day of his fall,
To entreat she would grant him a home ;
But how deaf were all ears to the tyrant's call !
The slayer of men, and the fiend of the Gaul,
On our own blessed land must not come.

CXX.

Condemn'd of all nations, the monster must now
Tame—submit to the fiat of all—
Or willing, or not, to his destiny bow,
Again through the high swelling waves he must plough,
And must feel the full force of his fall.

CXXI.

The sailors—once more they are lifting the sail,
And the anchor's drawn up 'mid their cheers,
Ah ! sceptres and thrones ye're of little avail,
The wings of his ship, they have caught the brisk gale,
And away through the ocean she steers.

CXXII.

On the face of the sea what terrible things
Are there met the stout heart to appal,
How oft the wild tempest through night loudly rings,
While borne by its fury the ship onward springs,
Up or down, with the sea's rise or fall.

CXXIII.

Well, in storm or in calm, he pass'd o'er the brine,
The serene and the furious wave,
He felt the fierce heat of the sun on the line,
And then came a rock, in its beautiful shine,
And that rock was his home and his grave.

CXXIV.

And now he hath reach'd his last quiet abode,
If e'er quiet that home it could be,
Where after his footsteps the sentinel strode,
And 'round his lone rock the watching ship rode,
To prevent if he sought him to flee.

CXXV.

To flee ? that were hopeless—for how could he fly,
When all eyes were employ'd but to look ?
If he turn'd him around, some hope to descry,
He met the keen glance of an observant eye,
And the glance of that eye he must brook.

CXXVI.

Oh ! hopeless and heartless—thus ever to brood,
On a much lov'd and far away world,
To stand and to think in a sorrowful mood,
Of those that rejoic'd, now that he was subdu'd,
And that throne from which he had been hurl'd.

CXXVII.

When the morning's young beams first open'd the day,
And the captive forsook his repose,
What matter'd to him the first glance and the play
Of the glorious light, that shed its bright ray?
'Twas but lighting the home of his woes.

CXXVIII.

And then when he stood on the precipice' brink,
And the evening was stealing around,
When he saw the tir'd sun in the ocean sink,
Of glory departed and gone he would think,
And a grave that so soon would be found.

CXXIX.

How oft when he sat in the willow trees' shade,
By the stream that so quietly run,
When back to the things he had lost his mind stray'd,
How sad were the pictures his memory made,
Of the wife he had lost, and the son.

CXXX.

Of the wife, of her whom he plac'd on a throne!
Whom he never did wrong, or did shame,
Who flaunted away, while he suffer'd alone,
Oh! what for such conduct shall ever atone,
Let dark infamy cover her name.

CXXXI.

How gay were the flauntings in Italy's clime,
In Verona—the world was all there—
There were councils so grave in the morning's time,
At night the light dance, and the play of the mime,
For the world now had nothing to fear.

CXXXII.

You there might Napoleon's conqueror view,
He, who broke the invincible charm,
And there was the wife of Napoleon too,
Light tripping, she past kings and emperors through,
While she hung on his conqueror's arm.

CXXXIII.

And there was a bed, where a weary one lay,
Sick and sad, in the far Saint Helene,
And who should have watch'd thro' the long passing day,
And who with the greatest affection should pray
For God's mercy on that closing scene?

CXXXIV.

And what did he see when he cast his eyes round?
That they fell upon friendship alone—
The brothers and sisters that erewhile he crown'd,
Fond love and affection—were none of them found—
To reply to his last dying moan?

CXXXV.

How bright shone the light in Vienna's fair hall,
And how soft did the rich music sound,
How light were the feet that flew round in the ball,
And cheerful the feelings that answer'd the call
Mirth and pleasure were sending around.

CXXXVI.

And there was a youth, in his richest attire,
Who then seem'd at the fountain to sip,
'Twas Napoleon's son—thought he on his sire ?
Does memory live?—ask his young eyes of fire,
And the curl of his Austrian lip.

CXXXVII.

Napoleon lay—but a shadow of shade—
With the sand from his glass well-nigh run,
All sense and sensation—how fastly they fade—
One flash of the eye—and one effort he made,
When expiring he murmur'd, "My son!"

CXXXVIII.

And then all was still—Oh ! how placid he lay,
The fierce spirit no longer was there,
And who would have thought that that cold mass of clay,
Had once o'er a conquer'd world held high sway,
And its kingdoms made tremble and fear ?

CXXXIX.

And who, when the mighty one pass'd to his home,
 'Neath the weight of affliction did fall ?
The slow information did round the world roam,
And where he had conquer'd, when newly it come,
 They but said, he was dead—that was all.

CXL.

They buried him deep, 'neath the willow trees' bough,
 In the breast of the hard granite stone ;
Thus he that with crowns had encircl'd his brow,
A dark narrow dwelling was left to him now,
 It was all that would now be his own.

CXLI.

The winds of the heavens pass'd over his grave,
 And they whisper'd their song through the leaves,
Whilst its murmuring sound the lone ocean gave,
When so loud on the rock falls its foaming wave,
 And will aye—while with motion it heaves.

CXLII.

He will now be at peace—in his lonely cell,
 For ambition he wanteth not room ;
How many the visions the grave doth dispel,
To the living alone—for the dead can't tell,
 Of the things that lie hid in the tomb.

CXLIII.

How quiet the motion of time's constant flight,
As he moves with our hopes and our fears :
How slow to the sick—in the long gloomy night—
How swift to the gay—in the day's lovely light—
Night and day—sick and well—make up years.

CXLIV.

Those years grow to lives, in their rapid decay,
And all lives in their turn fly as fast ;
Men stand on life's stage, and they act their short play,
And even while acting they pass them away,
We but speak—and a moment is past.

CXLV.

How many have gone to that mansion so cold,
Whom affection and love could not save ;
While some have arisen, of whom hope ne'er told,
To stand up as men—in the place of the old
Generations, who've past to the grave.

CXLVI.

The grave, 'twas the place where Napoleon lay,
It was all that his conquerors gave,
And there fell the sun through the glorious day,
While oft through the night slept the moon's tender ray,
And soft murmuring still fell the wave.

CXLVII.

And how chang'd the world, while Napoleon slept
On that rock which was washed by the tide,
While common men onward their old courses kept,
Perhaps there were some from affection who wept,
When the son of Napoleon died.

CXLVIII.

That wife, after whom he had mourned in his fall,
Her deep sorrow—how soon it was spent,
Then gay in the world, the admir'd of all,
She gallanted round, till fast caught in love's thrall,
She once more to be wed was content.

CXLIX.

The throne of his power was another one's pride,
And his crown, that was plac'd on his brow—
Napoleon's creatures they stood by his side,
His greatest achievements they often deride,
For who cares for Napoleon now ?

CL.

The children of Gaul, how gaily through years
Did they pass to the play and the dance,
Aye ready with laughter—aye ready with tears,
Though happy at eve, in the morning she veers—
There is something still wanting for France.

CLI.

She remember'd that he she had once call'd lord,
He who steep'd her in anguish and woe,
With last dying words, had presum'd to record
A wish—to his bones a home she'd afford,
Where the Seine's quiet waters did flow.

CLII.

France now was alive, she'd an object in view,
She had something whereon to bestir ;
A sight would be seen, a sensation ensue,
A re-buried emp'ror—'twas something quite new,
And what honour would thus fall on her !

CLIII.

She turns to his conq'ror, who now was her friend,
Britain lists to her tears and her moans,
She grants her lost honours again to amend,
France flies o'er the seas and his narrow house rends,
And she weeps o'er the murderer's bones.

CLIV.

Away with her relics then swiftly she flies,
She ne'er fears what an ocean may chance,
Tho' years have past over since closed were his eyes,
Tho' fest'ring in mortal decay the fiend lies,
She regains the lost honour of France.

CLV.

And now, when her "argosies" back shall return,
She will make for the rabble a show ;
Each patriot wild with his glory shall burn,
And how sensible men will blush when they learn,
That God's creatures can sink them so low.

CLVI.

Well, they sail through the seas, the voyage is o'er,
To a harbour of France they are come,
They anchor again on their own lovely shore,
And joyful proclaim, 'mid the cannons' loud roar,
That a Bourbon hath marshall'd him home.

CLVII.

O Seine, lovely Seine, with thy wide flowing stream,
I have seen thee in morning's first ray,
When white were thy waves in the bright sunny gleam,
But to mem'ry now thou'rt just like a dream,
That doth fade in the glare of the day.

CLVIII.

See where on the hill's woody side Honfleur lies,
And looks over to Havre de Grace,
And Quillebœuf—besprint with the morning's rich dies,
Looks down the wide stream, with a thousand bright eyes,
To where Harfleur's vast harbour once was.

CLIX.

There Tankerville sleeps 'bove the wide whelming flood,
The strong-hold of a time past away ;
And high on the hills there is Brotonn's brown wood,
Villequier and Caudebec, through ages have stood,
Chateau Mailleraie, bright in morn's ray.

CLX.

How still are the ruins of Jumièges now,
And how quiet is lovely Duclair,
But far quieter still is that mountain's brow,
Where a castle once stood—'twas not so when thou,
Famous Robert the Devil wert there.

CLXI.

And Saint Catherine's mount is a lovely place,
Where we stand to contemplate the view ;
Round Rouen the various hills we can trace,
That turret and tower do seem to embrace,
And the old abbey of Saint Maclou.

CLXII.

But hark—there's a sound—now the emperor comes,
'Tis announc'd by the cannons' deep roar,
Now the bells sound a peal from their highest domes,
While the people rush out from their streets and homes,
And loud shout on the Seine's winding shore.

CLXIII.

He comes—and they worship their emp'ror again,
He is dead—but it mattereth not ;
Some crawl in old age, that were once of his train,
While others push forward, distinction to gain,
And all say he was never forgot.

CLXIV.

He rests him awhile on the breast of the stream,
As of old their affections to win,
But hears not the sound of the loud hissing steam,
That strives to escape—'mid the shout and the scream,
While a bishop absolves him from sin.

CLXV.

'Tis past—and again he hath mov'd on his way,
While old Rouen is left to her fate,
Though music and banners and folly do play,
They wake not the ears of the sound sleeping clay,
And he heeds not their love or their hate.

CLXVI.

And now see them disperse—that late 'whelming crowd,
They retire, and they pass them away :
How silent they grow, that but now were so loud,
And they will forget—ere dark night with its shroud
Shall thrice cover the light of the day.

CLXVII.

There's a sight in this world—which most have desir'd
To behold, as the first of its kind,
'Tis Paris the gay—of all creatures admir'd,
'Twas Napoleon's once—'twas there he had fir'd
With ambition the weak human mind.

CLXVIII.

'Twas there, in the splendour which round him was thrown,
That he thought himself lord of the world;
There he play'd his high part on a gilded throne,
Which built up of plunder, had so richly shone,
And there, twice from that throne he was hurl'd.

CLXIX.

Napoleon's follies and errors alone,
Are not all that her name doth comprise;
For oft through her streets hath rich human blood flown,
And oft have they echo'd the deep midnight groan,
When the murder'd were closing their eyes.

CLXX.

Ah! who can forget that most horrible night,
That hath made Saint Bartholomew curst;
When the Hugonots fled in such wild affright,
While murder went forth in its power and its might,
And in deep draughts of blood quench'd its thirst?

CLXXI.

The long page of history groans with the tale
Of enormities, monstrous and dire—
Of times, and of things, that have past in her pale,
Her children's groans—and their mothers' loud wail,
In the conflict of domestic ire.

CLXXII.

The crowning of all was that terrible time,
When she humbled the throne to the dust;
Her schoolmen so wise gave a lesson sublime—
The great ones they humble—the mob taught to climb,
And all men, as they said, to be just.

CLXXIII.

How gay, for a little while then did she seem,
And she call'd on all nations to look ; [deem,
While so light she danc'd round—ah ! who could then
How soon she would change, and what horrors would
In the page of her history's book ? [teem,

CLXXIV.

Her children's dark spirit on mischief was bent,
And her laughter was turned to a groan,
When the halls of her palace with yells were rent,
While murder past thro' and ere dark night was spent,
Her weak king—he had pass'd from his throne.

CLXXV.

To pass from a throne, it hath oft-times been said,
Is to pass to a grave that is nigh ;
And so Louis found. There was no one to aid
The man who so lately by all was obey'd,
And the Bourbon soon found he must die.

CLXXVI.

A throne—a prison—and then next came the block—
For this last and the best of his race ;
What thousands to witness the spectacle flock,
They shout, and they scream, and insultingly mock,
While France sinks in eternal disgrace.

CLXXVII.

And Austria's daughter, queen, mother, and wife—
'Gainst a woman—a nation was set ;
Wildly dragg'd thro' the streets—how soon had the life,
In suffering past 'neath the murderous knife,
Of high minded Marie Antoinette.

CLXXVIII.

Elizabeth—pattern of sisters and friends,
Round whose name there was nought but was good,
And she in her turn to her destiny bends,
A prison—mock trial—and then her life ends,
With the axe and the gushing of blood.

CLXXIX.

But the tongue or the pen—in vain would they tell,
Of the thousands who fell at that time ;
What moaning through night in the prisoner's cell,
What screams through the day, when the fatal axe fell,
And thus France fill'd her measure of crime.

CLXXX.

And such were her deeds—this first pattern of all,
She, whose light through all nations must beam ;
How well she delighteth to fight and to brawl,
As well is delighted with pleasure's gay call,
The wild victim of ev'ry extreme.

CLXXXI.

E'en now, she hath food for her light fickle mind,
And a sight she again will behold ;
A spectacle grand, now before her will wind,
And music will wake, with a sound so refin'd,
While rich banners for her will unfold.

CLXXXII.

The cannon have spoken—the hills have replied,
And the music hath waken'd its sound ;
And how slow is their pace—as onward they glide—
Till Paris they view—and that hill they bestride—
Where the arch of his triumph is found.

CLXXXIII.

They stand and they shout, but he heareth them not,
For his bones they at least are at rest ;
And many loud hiss, who are not in the plot,
With a pageant like this their honour to blot,
See ! he moves down the field of the blest.

CLXXXIV.

And then soon they arrive, on that fatal place,
Where so many had perish'd of yore—
That spot which is France's eternal disgrace—
That spot of which history ever will trace—
How it once had been flooded in gore.

CLXXXV.

That spot where the meek and the holy had died—
The last scene of their murderéd king—
In weakness—in folly—in madness and pride—
By the side of the sleeper—they flauntingly ride—
There the bones of the monster they bring !

CXXXVI.

Then once more they halt, and triumphantly shout,
Till the welkin with shouting is cleft ;
'Mid hisses and groans from the people about,
That were list'ning unseen, 'mid this rabble rout,
Even Sodom a remnant had left.

CLXXXVII.

They have past on their way, o'er the Seine they're gone,
They have enter'd the place of his rest ;
And that great multitude will disperse anon,
And this grandest of sights for a time will con,
Till some new folly maketh them blest.

CLXXXVIII.

They enter beneath the magnificent dome,
Where rich music is breathing its tones,
'Mid the high fretted arches wildly doth roam,
The pealing of sounds that are welcoming home,
The remains of a murderer's bones.

CLXXXIX.

The priests stand around, while the censers do smoke,
And once more he's absolv'd from all sin ;
And then there were voices, the silence that broke,
Of a king that replied to a prince that spoke,
As they usher'd and welcom'd him in.

CXC.

Oh ! shame on thee, Bourbon—posterity cries,
Thou art cover'd with endless disgrace,
The mouldering thing that before thee now lies,
He is spotted with many and monstrous dies,
He is stain'd with the blood of thy race.

CXCI.

What matters, the thing they had lost is return'd,
And they lift him again to his throne ;
Then weep round the creature they thus have unurn'd,
The thing whom when living, all nations had spurn'd,
The remains whence the spirit had flown.

CXCH.

And now let the music peal high to the skies,
While the prince and the peer homage pay ;
Oh ! press round the throne, where in grandeur he lies,
And Louis, sure thou from thy throne wilt arise,
And thy crown at his feet thou wilt lay.

CXCHH.

Base nation, away !—now this folly forego—
And let history write on her page,
He hath actions enough her book to o'erflow—
And down through the periods of time they will go—
To the last of humanity's age.

CXCHV.

On the high catafalque—where resteth his head,
Write ambition and wily deceit,
On the right and the left of the mould'ring dead,
Write murder and plunder, in letters blood red,
Let oppression be wrote at his feet.

CXC.V.

Humanity shrinks at this conqueror's name,
While his deeds they rush past like a flood ;
'Tis horror—and famine—and war makes his fame,
And words of ambition, that weak minds inflame,
To the ne'er ceasing shedding of blood.

CXC.VI.

Oh ! shame on thee, Gaul—thou hast surely forgot
All the things of the days that are gone ;
All the millions of forms that now lie and rot,
And they were thy sons, sure thou lovedst them not,
Or this monster thou wouldst not enthrone.

CXC.VII.

But raise thee a monument—build it on high—
To the fiend who thy madness hath led ;
Now hurry amain, and thine industry ply,
Collect thee thy children's bones, whence they lie,
O'er the plains of all Europe wide spread.

CXC.VIII.

That pyramid vast which in Egypt doth lie,
Cannot equal the size of the mound ;
Thou canst form of those bones which thou wilt employ,
That are scatter'd abroad, and for vengeance cry,
'Neath the sky on the wide spreading ground.

CXCIX.

In some far distant day, mankind will peruse
All the deeds thou hast done and perform'd ;
And then, on thy monstrous crimes they will muse,
And will think the sage who hath wrote doth abuse,
That thou could'st not have been so deform'd.

CC.

While others, believing the horrible tale,
They will say, thou wast truly accurst,
To follow and fight on his monstrous trail,
Then stand round his mouldering bones, and bewail
This base thing, of all creatures the worst.

CONCLUDING SONNETS.

NAPOLEON ENTOMBED !

How chang'd is now the scene, and oh ! how still—
There's not a sound doth break the midnight charm
Of silence—and where late a host did swarm
In gorgeous show, and music's melting thrill
Did wind its sweetness round, there cold and chill
In solitary grandeur lies the great—
The crown'd—the sceptr'd—in his final state
Of earthly pomp—and men his wish fulfil.
Upon the banks of Seine he lies—and by
His resting place, its streams shall flow through all
The passing hours—with lowly murmuring fall ;
And France upon his tomb shall turn her eye—
Wake thee, Napoleon, wake—ah ! ope those eyne
Behold and see ! how bright thy glories shine !

THE VANITY OF TOMBS !

AWAY ! ye vain and foolish men, away !

Ere on your heads your own erections fall,

The pile you rear, and pompously do call

By some vain name—the plaything of a day—

In time's rude hands is but as wasting clay—

So soon 'tis past and gone. Ah me ! how fast

Have man's great works and all his grandeur past—

His deeds alone on hist'ry's page do stay.

The tombs of ancient days—their form, their shape,

Who knows—where rests the Grecian madman—where

Does Cæsar sleep—or who knows Timour's lair ?

Or Themistocles ?—whom *he* sought to ape ;

The grave of him who put the sea in chains :

And where lie Cromwell's mould'ring last remains ?

PEACE.

FAR o'er the hills the sound of war is fled,
And gone the conflict of contending pow'r ;
While Peace lies sleeping in her summer bow'r,
Now careless wand'ring, o'er the meadows spread
Are numerous kine ; while up the mountain led
Are grazing sheep—and there the shepherd flings
A sound of joy, that through the valley rings,
And circles round the mountain's topmost head.
In peopl'd, or in solitary way,
Men meet, and joyfully accord, in bland
And cordial salutations, hand in hand,
They to each other kindly things do say,
While mingled with our tender household cares
Are holy songs, and morn and evening prayers.

THANKS FOR OUR DELIVERANCE.

WHOM shall we thank, that now the world hath rest,
Whom praise, whom laud with heart sincere, what name
Shall hang upon our tongues, and whose the fame
Of our deliverance? Stay, oh! stay, the quest.
One power alone—the greatest and the best—
Hath watched upon our shore, and kept our land
In safety, in the hollow of his hand.
O God—our grateful word to thee attest,
The overflowing of each thankful heart.
Prais'd be thy name—for all that thou hast done
To aid us in the strife—for peace thus won
By thee—and all good things it doth impart.
Oh! let us thank and praise thee once again—
Be thank'd—be prais'd—O God—amen, amen.

ELEGY
ON THE
YOUNGER NAPOLEON.

**A cloud pass'd swiftly o'er the sky,
A rippling wave broke on the sea,
A flower uprose to bloom and die,
A spirit woke away to flee.**

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

How rest they, in their last retreat—how sleep
The mitr'd, crown'd, and sceptr'd—who have past
The gates of death? Tho' not in chains, how fast
In durance bound their lonely state they keep;
In vain for them doth opening morning peep
With golden eyes, upon a wak'ning world,
Alone they lie in all their grandeur furl'd,
Down in their silent mansions—dark and deep—
Upon their last sad home—the pall wide spread
In crimson state doth lie, with velvet, gold,
And broider'd scutch'ons on its ample fold,
And mouldering crowns above each silent head.
No living thing their careful watch doth keep,
Save slimy worms—which o'er their grandeur creep.

ELEGY.

I.

Who hath seen the dark vault where the great ones sleep,
When the journey of life is pass'd o'er,
Where the mouldering dead their lone silence keep,
Adown in the bosom of earth—damp and deep—
All at rest on eternity's shore ?

II.

The Cæsars of Austria, the lords of a state,
That hath humbl'd itself to their sway,
In turn have been humbl'd, and pass'd to their fate,
Whose spirits have gone through eternity's gate,
While their bodies are left to decay.

III.

Where lies the long line of the withering dead,
There is one whom all hearts might bewail,
A blossom of youth, that untimely was sped,
From a world of delights, to that awful bed,
Where he telleth humanity's tale.

IV.

How great were the hopes, and the prospects of him,
That doth lie in such quietness now ;
For once, ere the light of the tomb shone so dim,
His cup with all pleasures was fill'd to the brim,
And a crown should have circled his brow.

V.

What shouts of applause fill'd the air at his birth,
Scarcely born ere a nation ador'd,
All Paris was wild with expressions of mirth,
She hail'd him the king of the queen of the earth,
And a hundred loud cannons they roar'd.

VI.

How gently the years of his infancy past !
What rich flowers were strewn on his way !
Ah ! childhood and happiness ever flit fast,
And when did the blessings of life ever last
Through the whole of humanity's day ?

VII.

There soon came a change, but the child knew it not,
That was borne on adversity's wing ;
By the fortune of war soon chang'd was his lot,
His name from the roll of the great ones they blot,
And the youth is no longer a king.

VIII.

But what matter'd to him the things that were lost,
Their possession he never had known,
Tho' kingdoms and crowns in war's tempest were tost,
And man's wild ambition by fortune was crost,
He had still a dear home of his own.

IX.

Was Paris that home, 'twas a home of delight,
Where all splendour around him was cast,
That splendour soon sunk in the darkness of night,
'Mid the tempest of war with unconscious flight,
To a home at Vienna he past.

X.

And there in the halls of the great he was found,
But a poor childish victim of state ;
Tho' of silk were the chains with which he was bound,
Yet still in those chains he must walk the dull round,
Which was now prescrib'd to him by fate.

XI.

Perhaps in those moments he thought upon one,
To whose bosom he once had been press'd,
A dream of past grandeur his thoughts were upon,
A father and home—that for ever were gone,
With a thousand dear things once possess'd.

XII.

Oh ! vision of childhood, how lovely art thou,
In the robe of thy innocence dress'd,
The deep furrows of thought are not on thy brow,
But the sunshine of joy, doth meekly avow,
In thy mind that all things are at rest.

XIII.

But that innocent time continueth not,
Oh ! how swiftly it flieth away,
Napoleon chang'd—and he soon had forgot
The grandeur, the splendour that once was his lot,
In the splendour which then round him lay.

XIV.

Let pity be theirs, the high sons of the great,
Who are prison'd in halls of renown ;
Surrounded with pomp, the poor victims of state,
The higher exalted, more wretched their fate,
Ah ! how sad the approach to a crown.

XV.

But the child of the peasant, the lowly born,
Who is free on his own native hill,
How joyous he sports in the opening morn,
Though humble his lot, yet, oh think not with scorn,
On the things which his little heart fill.

XVI.

Napoleon's son, though all blessings were strewn
On his path—his fall'n state to beguile,
Surrounded by many, was ever alone,
'Twas seldom—yet sometimes a mother did own,
Her dear child with a dignified smile.

XVII.

But she had forgot that she once was the wife
Of the man who had rul'd over all ;
She had pass'd thro' those scenes where pleasure is rife,
Had ta'en a new husband to solace her life—
Nor thought on the extent of her fall.

XVIII.

Ah ! who could have thought, from a station so high,
She could stoop to a meanness so low,
To turn from the man, when misfortune did hie,
Who had lov'd her so well—and from him could fly,
When he sunk 'neath adversity's blow.

XIX.

What matter'd to her, if he tyrant had been,
If made up of ambition and pride ;
The wife should be found, where the husband is seen,
His constant attendant—adversity keen
Should not force her away from his side.

XX.

Maria Louisa—thy name is accurst,
For the part thou didst play to thy lord,
Of all crownéd heads he had made thee the first,
And thy conduct to him was surely the worst,
That adversity's sting could afford.

XXI.

And thou couldst bend down to another's embrace,
Born so low, thou couldst not take his name ;
Thou peerless exception—thou scorn of thy race—
Napoleon's widow—oh shame and disgrace !
Thou art branded with infamous fame.

XXII.

Napoleon grew—though scarce heard was his name,
He had come to the years of his prime ;
Yet the world knew him not—for seldom he came
Where men of distinction, or creatures of fame,
Rul'd the world by their actions sublime.

XXIII.

Alone in his grandeur—alone in his state—
It was pomp, it was stateliness all !
The gloom of retirement could never elate
The spirits of youth—nor can grandeur abate
The pangs felt when keen sickness doth fall.

XXIV.

And he had grown sick in the bloom of his days,
He did fade like a flower in the sun ;
How weary—how hopeless—the fears and delays,
Ere death in conclusion his icy hand lays,
On the glass when the sand is all run.

XXV.

And she was not there, though he call'd on her name,
Where away had the thoughtless one hied ?
How watchful his eye—and how bright was the flame
That flash'd in that hour when she lingering came,
Just to sit by his bed while he died.

XXVI.

He saw her at last—and he look'd in her eyes—
Where the tear of affection then lay ;
His full heart to discharge, how vainly he tries,
He utters but this—oh ! how faintly he cries,
“ I shall pass like a shadow away.”

XXVII.

He was gone—and the vision of life was past,
With the hopes and the fears which it brings ;
And they laid him deep down in quiet at last,
To sleep with the great ones of earth firm and fast,
And to moulder with emp'rors and kings.

CONCLUDING SONNET.

He should have slept upon some mountain brow,
Where feeling hearts might flock around his grave,
A grassy mound the spot should mark—there wave
The summer flowers—rich gifts—whose sweets endow
The sanctuary of the dead. Allow
The fitness of the spot for one so young,
So lov'd—so early lost. Such scenes among
Would pilgrims tread, and tender thoughts avow.
What tongue but would in meekest accents own
A fate so adverse—with a lot so blest
When all was promis'd—and all unpossess'd,
Save the poor spot where now he lies alone.
Nought hath he mark'd upon the rolls of fame
Save a lamented, bright, untarnish'd name.

THE ANTITHESIS
TO THE FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON;
OR, THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
JENNY — —.

No more a tale of war I bring,
Or things within its pale,
My condescending muse doth sing
A poor old woman's tale;
She turns from things that lead astray,
To poverty she tunes her lay.



AND THERE BEFORE HER EYES A LACKEY STOOD,
WITH ALL THINGS GOOD FILLED TO THE VERY BRIM

JENNY — —.

I.

WHEN that the poets pen their flow'ry lays,
They seek a theme that shall with wonder fill
The minds of those who love their high-flown ways,
And pore upon the things they do distil
From their rich thoughts, and then exhaust their skill
To picture things in gaudy trappings drest,
Neglecting all those common things—that still
And quiet meet the passing gaze—at rest
Beside the path of life—the richest and the best.

II.

They love to speak of war, and warlike kings—
Of battle fields—the fiery cannon's roar,
Of numbers slain—and all the dreadful things
Which history her page doth scatter o'er ;
And these they dizen forth with mystic lore,
That they who read their page may much admire,
Things of such worth from that exalted store,
Then, while their breast is fill'd with heaven's fire,
They twang the strings of what they call their golden lyre.

III.

But mine shall be a meek and lowly theme,
One that is form'd for vulgar week-day life,
Not pictur'd with the poet's burning gleam,
Nor form'd from narrative of worldly strife,
An in-door scene, with grandeur quite unrife,
Plain, as the hours of each quick passing day.
Of one I sing, who never was a wife,
A poor old maid—who pass'd her life away
In gentle acts—such is the subject of my lay.

IV.

My heroine—if you should search to find
Her name engrav'd within the book of fame,
But small reward you'd get, for there enshrin'd
'Tis not—well—Jenny — — was her name.
Not one of that great house that bears the same
Cognomen—who in — — live ;
A lower station her's—a lot more tame—
Though she'd not shame their high prerogative—
For to the world a better they did never give.

V.

Our Jenny's father was a working man,
Poor as could be, and there where reasons why,
He had a wife—and very num'rous clan
Of olive branches—that did ever lie

Like millstones round his neck when he did try
To raise his fortune by some desperate blow.
If eldest she—I cannot certify—
The time is past—she never told me so—
Now she is dead—and it is eighty years ago.

VI.

If Jenny nurs'd her brothers, I can't tell,
But certainly should think she would do so,
I have no doubt she lov'd them passing well,
Because her heart with kindness did o'erflow
To ev'ry creature—and then wherefore no—
She must have nurs'd and borne them up and down
Along the high street, and along the low,
The middle of those streets, the causeways crown,
If then there were such things as causeways in our town.

VII.

When Jenny had a few short years attain'd,
She to her first and only service went,
Small wages though, we may suppose, she gain'd ;
What then ? 'twas so much easier to be spent.
One might suppose it was not much she lent—
Perhaps it was so—and we've cause to fear,
That for the whole she found a ready vent—
Which she might do, and yet be very near,
For at her best she got but just three pounds per year.

VIII.

The services which Jenny did perform,
Were render'd where was vended good old ale,
Gin and tobacco—and there many a storm
She witness'd doubtless—and heard many a tale—
But all these things to her did nought avail ;
Her business was most lustily to work,
And to her duty she did never quail,
But bustle at it like a heathen turk—
Was always ready found—and ne'er was known to shirk.

IX.

I said, and I believe I spoke the truth,
This was the only place she ever had ;
There pass'd the days of her most blooming youth,
If bloom she ever did—if not, 'twere sad
To think on—for we're sure that then no lad
Would look on her with roguish eye so bold,
Or with fond thoughts after her person gad.
Truth, it is said, at all times should be told—
Shewasbut coarse in youth—what could she bewhen old?

X.

So thus, you see, we negative her bloom,
And take temptation from the youthful beaus,
What shall we find to set up in its room ?
What mark of excellence—who is it knows

If she had sought the springs whence wisdom flows?
And guided was by learning's strictest rules,
Observe, dear reader, I will nought propose
Thee to deceive. In these days we have fools,
In Jenny's childish days they had no Sunday schools.

XI.

Reader, let me a compact make with thee,
'Tis right that we should know each other's mind,
In all the records of this history
There's nought but truth in it, as thou shalt find.
Truth is a gem—and I'm to it inclin'd,
So knowing what thine expectations are,
Give me thy credence, which I'll take most kind;
I have not said, she carried learning far,
I doubt her excellence in that particular.

XII.

Thus I have told each separate negative,
Beauty and cultivation of the mind;
Yet there were things, which nature kind did give,
Which if we search no doubt but we shall find.
"Jocund and gay," she was to mirth inclin'd,
Respectful aye, when she had ought to say,
She pleas'd her customers with actions kind.
We know she never saw her wedding day,
But whom she should did always honour and obey.

XIII.

And though not learn'd, yet there were simple things
Enshrin'd within her quiet gentle breast,
Not better swell within the hearts of kings,
Or queens, or other great ones, where they rest,
Like our poor lasses felt, if not express'd.
She knew the creed, and the commandments ten,
When she her morn or evening prayers address'd,
The sweet Lord's prayer, she often and again,
Did meekly utter, followed by her lone amen.

XIV.

And further, she could read her prayer book too,
And o'er the psalms she lov'd to meditate ;
Her bible likewise, she had read it through,
Ay, all—for she would nothing of it bate,
Not e'en the title, printer's name, and date ;
But these were private things, they were her own,
And ne'er in public of them did she prate,
Such were the things to children then made known,
And we remember'd them, when years had o'er us flown.

XV.

I cannot tell the years that Jenny past
In this her first and only servitude,
Num'rous they were, but like all things, at last
They ended, though so oft they'd been renew'd,

For years and servitudes must all conclude,
And even life itself must pass away,
Whilst this fair world by time shall be subdu'd.
She saw her rulers each turn into clay—
For there both time and death had held their usual play.

XVI.

Masters and mistresses, they all were gone,
By time and death each had been overthrown,
Save a young female—she, the only one,
Was wed, and on love's wings away was flown,
And so poor Jenny she was left alone,
To pass the remnant of her fading days,
Long as cold death his visit should postpone,
To struggle with the world and its harsh ways,
And ah ! how sad the lot that fortune on her lays.

XVII.

She had not sav'd, for whence could savings come ?
Not from the pittance which her labour earn'd,
Thus, at threescore she was without a home ;
Into a cold and friendless world thus turn'd,
Think you with indignation that she burn'd,
And wept in sorrow o'er her hapless fate,—
Expected that by all she should be spurn'd,
When that her sorrowing tale she did relate,
She should in wrath bedrove from each well-fasten'd gate?

XVIII.

Nought of the kind—she had a better hope,
And still her cheerfulness she did maintain,
She'd health and strength, would with misfortune cope,
And had no doubt she could her living gain,
And He would help her who above did reign,
For from his paths she never was beguil'd ;
Then cheerful sought a neighbour's house to gain,
Whose mistress met, and on her welcome smil'd,
A plenteous dinner gave, and let her nurse the child.

XIX.

And then she had another great resource,
Which to our old and helpless doth belong,
For she must ask them, as a thing of course,
Her name the pauper list to place among ;
A trial great for minds that yet are strong,
Cumber'd with bodies growing daily weak.
Well, Jenny took her place within that throng,
And friends for her the kindest words did speak,
And thus she did obtain just eighteen pence per week.

XX.

And thankful was she for this modicum,
Small as it was, to one so very bare
Of fortune's gifts, it seem'd a mighty sum,
And she did husband it with all her care ;

But great the sum that she must from it spare,
Ten pence per week she paid in shape of rent,
Eight pence was left—for her so slender fare,
And raiment too—God knows how it was spent—
But so it was—and she was thankful and content.

XXI.

Into each neighbour's house she sometimes turn'd,
And oft her poverty did thus reveal,
Did them a little work, and thus she earn'd,
What cheerfully they gave—a temp'rate meal ;
And seldom did she make a vain appeal,
Whether to womenkind, or to the men ;
And thus the passing years did silent steal,
While she grew weaker as they fled—and then,
What could expected be from threescore years and ten ?

XXII.

About this time, perhaps not quite so late,
It might be sooner by a year or two,
It might be five—for I have not the date—
A strange adventure she did ramble through—
You'll think it strange, and yet I'll vow 'tis true.
To tell it well, it will my numbers rack,
But being in I can no other do—
I would, if I could, keep my present track,
But am compell'd to go at least a century back.

XXIII.

I said, her father was a working man,
But did not say he had a brother then,
Yet it was so—it often is the plan,
In poor men's houses to have eight or ten.
Of two alone, in this case do I ken,
And one, Jane's uncle, took himself away—
In London, among other scenes and men,
Money to get, with fortune's self to play—
He prov'd successful, and with honour won the day.

XXIV.

Now, while this splendid fortune he obtain'd,
He to his bosom took a loving wife,
And afterwards an only son he gain'd,
So thus, you see, he gain'd through all his life,
And last a grave he gain'd to end all strife;
But ere he died, his only son got wed,
And then he fell—by death's cold dart or knife.
When that it rains, it pours, as I've heard said,
His wife was rich—thus fortune rain'd upon his head.

XXV.

He that hath money bags, it is allow'd,
Doth with them get bags full of plague and care,
And Jenny's coz, however high and proud,
Doubtless did find that he had got his share,

And if he had, 'twas only neighbour's fare.
But bags though full leave something to desire,
Even though full, till from them we can spare,
His riches they but taught him to aspire,
He bought a large estate, and so became a squire.

XXIV.

You may believe me, when I say, that it
A very splendid mansion had thereon,
It almost for an earl or duke was fit,
But soft ye—we shall speak of that anon.
And there he liv'd, and died, and so was gone,
He must not stay among those things so fair ;
And so he past, and left it to his son,
Money, and bags, and land, and house, and care,
He left him all—'twas right—he was his son and heir.

XXVII.

There dwelt the son, in very high estate,
And built his father a most sumpt'ous tomb,
I saw it once, 'twas eve, and rather late,
'Twas in a very splendid gothic room,
Join'd to a church, where colour'd glass made gloom
More deep, more sad—nought could the thing improve.
Alas ! alas ! how different the doom
That fortune brings—it seems like hate and love—
Jenny, and her rich cousin, with but one remove.

XXVIII.

This great rich man, whom Jenny sometimes nam'd,
Was not her only living relative,
She had another, whom she always claim'd,
A brother, who nigh unto her did live,
And kind he was, though he'd not much to give;
A housefull he of graceless sons possess'd,
Whom he must keep—he'd no alternative.
And there, poor Jenny, took her Sunday's rest,
A bit of dinner too—perhaps not of the best.

XXIX.

But she was welcome, and that made it good,
As heart of man or woman could desire;
There too she call'd when she convenient could,
To warm her poor old feet before the fire,
And dry her shoes, well soak'd in wet and mire;
'Twas thus she managed somehow on to live—
How different was't with her rich cousin squire!
I've heard a song, which in its narrative
Doth say—the poor alone unto the poor will give.

XXX.

Perhaps, in saying this, we say too much,
It seems as if the rich we'd reprobate—
And yet they're kind—for oh! how many such,
Have bent them from their high and palmy state,

Meekly, to succour creatures desolate,
To prove a blessing to the poor all round
Their habitations—but you'll say I prate,
That good and bad in every rank are found—
'That saying's trite, good sir, but yet it 's very sound.

XXXI.

I cannot tell, how it perchance befell,
Nor learn, if that I beat the bush all round,
But so it was—I know it very well,
This brother with the squire had favour found,
For from that wealth, with which he did abound,
An annual sum he gave—and have heard say,
And do believe—that it was twenty pound.
People are spiteful, and they said, 'twas pay,
He wisely gave—to keep them from his house away.

XXXII.

Howe'er it was, they had it, and 'twas spent,
As 'twould have been if it had been much more—
For when among those graceless sons it went,
It was not long they were in getting o'er
So small a sum—but I have told before
That Jenny but a Sunday's dinner got.
Ah! gentle reader, think me not a bore,
'Tis sad to speak of poverty's hard lot—
But that's my theme, and I'll not spare a single jot.

XXXIII.

Ah ! what a thing is squalid poverty—
How raking to the mind to talk about—
Yet 'tis a thing we every day do see,
Shoeless, and stockingless, each street throughout
Parading, and perhaps a shirt without.
While we do heedless pass along the while,
Nor care at all for its base rabble rout.
But when contentions come, our thoughts to spoil,
'Tis then, we think it filthy, abject, mean, and vile.

XXXIV.

I think I must have said enough to show,
That Jenny's poverty was very great,
Much lower in the scale she could not go,
Fortune had done her worst, and so had fate,
And yet she did live on ; meekly sedate,
She held the quiet stillness of her way,
Her needful food, though plain, did not abate,
He said it should not, to whom she did pray,
The gracious promise held—she had it day by day.

XXXV.

But now her neighbours 'gan to think, that she
Should to her rich relation make appeal,
They had no doubt, they said to her, but he
Would for her age and destitution feel ;

And do what she did wish, did she reveal
To him, her sadly poor and helpless state,
'Twas wrong—'twas very wrong—thus to conceal
Those wants, it was her duty to relate.
If it were them—they knew—they'd try at any rate.

XXXVI.

Such was the conversation which they held,
Whenever Jenny call'd to chat a bit,
And oft, her poor old heart, it inly swell'd,
O'er thoughts which she did fearfully admit ;
Thoughts mixt with hope, she might accomplish it,
Accomplish what ?—she scarcely dar'd to own,
She'd take the best advice—and if thought fit,
She would assume a supplicating tone,
Her poverty extreme, and wishes all make known.

XXXVIII.

And then she call'd on one she deem'd her friend,
To ask that he his best advice would give,
She'd follow it, she said, he might depend,
Though to her wishes not affirmative ;
Yet it did seem she'd no alternative,
She was so helpless grown, and wretched poor,
He must assistance grant if she must live,
Though she'd no wish—her wretchedness to cure,
To hurt his pride—by standing begging at his door.

XXXVIII.

And then her friend advised that she should state,
By letter, what her situation was
And if respectfully she did relate
Her little tale, no doubt but it would pass,
And she some small relief would gain, and as
No time was to be lost, he did advise,
It should be done at once—and so it was,
A fair epistle wrote, which did comprise
Her wants and wishes all, in plain and simple guise.

XXXIX.

Thus being writ—it by the post was sent,
To find its way as might betide it fate,
And Jenny's hopes and wishes with it went,
For it both hopes and wishes did create,
And also fears, lest she should violate
Decorum's rules—should give offence—and thus
Add disappointment to her wretched state :
Thus through the day she felt solicitous,
And through the night, her fears were like an incubus.

XL.

In her epistle she had meekly said,
After her age and weakness she had shown,
And, that she scarce could raise a bit of bread,
With but a wretched home to call her own,

And her relationship to him made known,
She hop'd he'd help her with a weekly sum,
She begg'd his pardon, but a poor half-crown,
Would make her very rich. Oh! what a crumb,
To ask of one who own'd—no doubt more than a plum

XLI.

Well, it was gone, it had been gone some time,
Then time was gone, it follow'd day by day,
And through the day she heard our eight bells chime,
That each three hours such lovely music play,
While time she counted, as it flew away;
Bland, she repos'd in hope's delicious dream—
Hope fled at last, it would no longer stay,
To dazzle with its faithless, flatt'ring beam,
Reality awoke—and blasted was the scheme.

XLII.

As speechifiers say, he'd not respond—
At any rate, he did not deign reply,
He had no wish with her to correspond,
'Twas stooping from a state so very high.
How stood the case soon Jenny she 'gan spy,
When that her nephew call'd on her, and said,
"You have been writing—wherefore did you, why
Have you thus been by some false friend misled?
Do it no more—or consequences you may dread."

XLIII.

And so 'twas plain, that they had made a truce,
Which she had violated when she wrote ;
Thus, without knowing, she had play'd the deuce,
And hurt their int'rest, when that she did quote
Her wants and wishes all, howe'er remote,
Had been her wish to do them any harm.
With him her int'rest she could not promote,
'Twas plain—to move his mind she had no charm ;
Pride seem'd to cool his blood, she could not make it warm.

XLIV.

When once a thing into one's head hath got,
'Tis difficult to drive it thence, and so
Poor Jenny found, want had the wish begot,
With her it staid, want would not let it go,
So full of it was she, it did o'erflow
From her full mind, and constant from her tongue
Was pealing forth—"She would be glad to know
If he the letter had, 'twas very wrong
If they had kept it back—but she would know ere long."

XLV.

And now she meditates an action grand,
Something 'yond what she'd ever done before,
The more she thinks, the more it doth expand,
And swells her breast, till it seems running o'er ;

She turns her then to seek her friend once more,
And said, the while her face was lit with smiles ;
She would the rich man's whereabouts explore—
Would go, 'twas only twenty-four short miles,
Which she could render less, by crossing fields and stiles.

XLVI.

She saw no reason she should make delay,
She'd better go, while she was in the mind,
If she delay'd, he might be gone away,
And then another chance she might not find ;
All was uncertain—but she felt inclin'd
To do her best—she'd let him have a chance
To play the gentleman, if he was kind,
He would her pension grant, perhaps advance
A little sum to form her next year's sustenance.

XLVII.

Howe'er advised, her mind was quite made up,
Lucky or not, she would her fortune try,
Then home she went—but ere that she did sup,
She took the best her wardrobe did supply,
And plac'd them ready—her bed's head just by ;
Her cleanest cap and bonnet for her head,
Her Sunday shoes, with each a bran new tie,
And when her fetlings all were fairly sped,
She supp'd in quietude, and then she went to bed.

XLVIII.

I cannot tell if she had dreams that night,
I do not even know if that she slept,
But this I know, when broke the morning's light,
That then she rose, and from her bed she crept,
I do not know if then her house she swept,
Perhaps she did—it was a clean abode.
I cannot think her breakfast she'd except,
Because 'twould help her so along the road,
Howe'er it was, she sallied forth, and onward strode.

XLIX.

Ere Jenny rose, the chimes had rung for three,
An hour had pass'd ere she crept forth so still,
She gains a rising ground, and then doth see
The sun just peeping o'er an eastern hill,
The birds were not awake, no songs they trill,
No sound did break the opening morning's charm,
All things look'd cold, and she felt rather chill,
But then, if walking would not keep her warm,
Her duffil cloak of grey was hanging on her arm.

L.

She pass'd a mile along a level road,
And then went down a hill into a town,
Where all was still, unclos'd was each abode,
Though some were out, and walking up and down,

Puffing their pipes, in studies men call brown ;
Each bid good morn, and Jenny onward went,
Until the church she saw, whose fourfold crown
Of pinnacles, and the bright clock, were sprent
With golden light, which Sol had from his chambers sent.

XLI.

That church was new and beautiful, and she
Did for a moment stand and much admire,
Then onward pass'd, another town doth see,
But that had neither church, nor tower, nor spire,
She pass'd it through, her road did ne'er inquire,
Then came another—well, how thick they're strewn,
Let this be pass'd, and then no more they'll tire ;
And now the last long street has backward flown,
She gains the open road, the world is all her own.

XLII.

And oh ! how sweet the balmy breath of morn
Was breathing o'er the fields ; the bees were out
And on the wing ; above the waving corn ;
The lark hung high, and pour'd his hymn devout ;
Far in the fields, the cowherd's early shout
Was rousing up the kine ; with gentle flow
The stream pass'd on, where leap'd the speckl'd trout ;
The curling mist rose from the valley slow ;
The sun sent down his beams to gild this world below.

XLIII.

And Jenny saw it all, and much admir'd,
Yet, though admiring, still she kept her pace,
Nor thought it possible she could be tired,
However great might be her journey's space.
Unto the left she turns, and there doth trace,
Bower'd in trees, a castle's ivied towers,
Castle no more, a convent now that place,
Where matin songs salute the opening hours,
And, hark ! the morning bell awakes devotion's powers.

XLIV.

How many bright and beauteous things she saw
Around her way, as cheerful on she went ;
Sometimes a little cottage thatch'd with straw,
On which the stone-crop's yellow flowers were sprent,
With roses blooming on the walls' ascent,
While round the porch were honeysuckles hung.
A quietude unto the whole was lent,
That o'er the mind a tender feeling flung,
Like to a hope—a wish—to dwell such scenes among.

XLV.

And then the farm she saw, and heard the noise
The cattle made, now milking in the fold,
The gabbling geese, the watch-dog looking wise,
With lesser things that mem'ry would not hold,

Or if it would, were scarce worth being told :
The tradesman's vill, retiring from the road,
Wrapt up in trees, as if that it were cold,
The wild flowers blooming in their lone abode,
Chiefest the foxglove all its crimson glories show'd.

XVI.

Another town there was, 'twas just half way,
In time there Jenny came, and through it toil'd,
She was too poor at any inn to stay,
She past—the 'prentice lads look'd out and smil'd,
She seem'd so weary, and with heat so moil'd ;
For by this time the sun had mounted high,
So hot it was that she was almost broil'd,
And well she might, for in the boundless sky
No clouds were seen, and it was burning hot July.

LVII.

Beyond that town a level road doth lie,
Perhaps a mile, it may be something more,
And then, there is a hill ascending high,
Whose summit all the country looketh o'er,
Some of the gifts from nature's countless store
Are there spread out, upon the mossy ground,
The crimson heath, the golden gorse, before
Its base poor Jenny stood and look'd all round,
Then, having breath'd awhile, about its sides she wound.

LVIII.

I love a hill, I love its highest brow,
The very summit of its upmost ground,
And much I love the charm it doth allow,
Of looking o'er the prospect spread all round,
And then, to feel the wind—to hear it sound—
Mix'd with the wild bee's drone—to hear it swell—
Then die away—exciting thoughts profound
Of things gone by, that in the mem'ry dwell,
Of present, future things—who can those feelings tell?

LIX.

But Jenny, she had mounted up the hill,
Upon its brow she stood to make survey,
And then, upon that spot, so lone and still,
She took and spread her cloak of duffil grey,
Amid the sunny beams, and wild winds' play,
She from her pocket drew her scanty store,
And, ere she eat, did for His blessing pray
Who her weak steps had guided evermore;
Tho' poor her meal, she thankful was, nor wish'd for more.

LX.

Her meal gone by, and then a half hour's rest,
She once more rose in strength to take the field,
Her duffil cloak she shook, then forward prest,
And round the windings of the road she wheel'd

Ere long a lovely valley was reveal'd,
An Alpine spot, wash'd by a river's stream,
Where trees soar'd high, and rocks were half conceal'd,
The sun just touch'd the waters with his beam,
'Twas like a fairy land, or like a morning dream.

LXI.

She strided down the hill with ease, and past
The bridge across the river's stream, and then,
Her path ascending, kept with pace less fast,
While o'er her head the boughs hung thick ; and when
An opening through their shade she found, a glen
Upon her left she saw, of deepest gloom,
So deep it was, 'twas almost past her ken,
So lone, so shady, sure no flowers would bloom
In solitude like that—'twas silent as the tomb.

LXII.

On—on again—'neath shade, in the sun so rude,
Till when an inn, or ale-house came in sight,
And there the road did part, she stood and view'd,
Then ask'd her way, as told—turn'd to the right,
And while she pass'd along with all her might,
Was turning in her mind what she should say,
Her grandest words she put in order quite,
And curtseying along the dusty way,
She much did seem like some one acting in a play.

LXIII.

Thus many miles were past and speeches made,
With great excitement she was all alive,
She neither seemed to heed for sun or shade,
She knew the goal was near, did greatly strive,
That by the dinner hour she might arrive ;
'Twould be so pleasant there to get a meal,
To be in time she thought she must contrive,
Ah me ! what visions o'er her senses steal !
But see ! what sight is that the opening hills reveal !

LXIV.

Fancy a long and highly soaring hill,
Bent to a curve, just like a well strung bow—
Fancy unnumber'd trees, that soaring fill
That curved arc, in rich abundance grow,
While summer tints upon their summits glow ;
Along the foot of that high hill a stream—
A river's flood—that doth reluctant flow,
As if that it would like to sleep, and dream
Beneath the shady boughs, or in the sun's bright beam.

LXV.

Fancy a broad and verdant margin spread
Beside the bed, where those deep waters lie,
Where weeping willows bend their drooping head,
To seek the stream, as if that they were dry,

And standard roses richly blooming by,
Loading the air with nature's best perfume ;
What myriad flowers of rich, of splendid dye,
What varied scents ! Ah me, how gay the bloom,
I cannot paint their charms—to try were to presume.

LXVI.

Fancy a lesser hill, a grassy mound,
Lying within that woody hill's embrace,
And then let fancy, on its topmost bound,
All that is lovely in a dwelling place,
And deck it well with ev'ry charm and grace,
To move the mind, or catch the roving eye,
Like to those palace dwellings, which they trace
On Ganges' banks, where travell'd ones pass by,
Then hang o'er all a summer's sun and deep blue sky

LXVII.

How beautiful to look upon such things,
Still more, if they perchance to be our own,
How soothing is the thought which then it brings,
That we the great one are—there rule alone ;
And yet such things have made them wings, and flown
Away, ere we have thought we had them fast ;
Oh woe the while, and e'en when they postpone
Their flight, and o'er our path their pleasures cast,
How painful it must be to leave them at the last !

LXVIII.

Say, what were Jenny's cousin's thoughts, when he
Did calmly sit and gaze his windows through,
Where nearly all the things which he did see
Were his?—say then, if pride might not imbue
The workings of his mind?—yet in his view
The village church stood in its quietude,
And in that church there was a place he knew
That well might shake a rich man's fortitude,
His resting place—that place which none can e'er elude.

LXIX.

Down at the bottom of the velvet lawn,
That lay before that gaily splendid pile,
A gravell'd wide approach was winding drawn,
With sweeping kept from all things mean and vile.
Ah see! there's one whom faithless hopes beguile,
Moving with age and weariness along,
Her cloak, that o'er her arm did hang erewhile,
Is now across her bending shoulder hung,
A stake from out the hedge, is her supporter strong.

LXX.

She for a moment paus'd, when thus she saw
The splendid scene that lay before her eyes,
Then cautious onward to the house did draw,
Seeking where snug the backward entrance lies,

Which soon she found, and then the knocker tries,
The sound ran pealing through the inner hall ;
And oh ! what scent out from the kitchen flies,
A moment, and she hears a footstep fall,
Wide open flies the door, obedient to her call.

LXXI.

And there before her eyes a lackey stood,
With all things good fill'd to the very brim,
She curtesy'd low, and "hop'd he'd be so good,
To tell the master she would speak with him ;
Though she was dusty grown and out of trim,
She had no doubt but he would let her in."
Thus she spoke out, but in the interim
She had her private thoughts about her kin,
And he should neither know her name nor origin.

LXXII.

But there she reckon'd ill, without her host,
Her name, the servant said, she must declare,
This she declin'd, as an unfair impost,
'Twas nought to him, it was not his affair,
She would his master tell when she got there ;
Thus stood the case, until he angry grew,
So angry that ere Jenny was aware,
The door he clos'd, into the house withdrew,
And, though she knock'd again, the scene would not renew.

LXXIII.

And there she stood, beneath the burning sun,
The kitchen smells were steaming round the while,
Until a sultry hour away had run ;
The serving man she could not reconcile,
He pass'd the windows oft with sullen smile ;
Yet Jenny hop'd he had his master told,
And, for a time, she let that thought beguile ;
She linger'd still, she saw the door unfold,
And sternly then, to quit the premises was told.

LXXIV.

She mov'd away, but scarcely rais'd her eyes,
Her steps were feeble, and her pace was slow,
That soothing friend within her bosom dies,
With blasted hopes again doth homeward go,
While bitter tears adown her cheeks do flow ;
To treat her so, she thought was very wrong,
And then the fiery sun kept burning so—
Oh ! for one wat'ry drop to cool her tongue—
And oh ! her aching feet, and hunger's feeling strong !

LXXV.

The velvet lawn, the gravell'd road, she past—
Around the quiet parish church she wound—
Then left the public road, and there at last,
Upon the river's bank a spot she found,

With alder trees and withy boughs grown round,
Close to the brink a mossy seat doth see,
Where rudely gnarléd roots did much abound ;
She sat her down, against an alder tree,
And for a time, she wept in bitter agony.

LXXVI.

And well she did, for tears give aye relief,
As she no doubt had often found before,
The shower soon past, when ended was her grief,
She wiped her poor old eyes, and then once more
Drew forth the remnants of her breakfast store,
And spread them on those roots of mossy green,
With kerchief wiped her burning temples o'er,
Then took a bit, and sup, and soon, I ween,
As much contented was as any crownéd queen.

LXXVII.

Thus all was right again, and quite at ease,
Her meal she finish'd, and she quiet sate
To rest a little bit, then to appease
Her aching feet, their grievous pains abate,
In water cool she did them lubricate,
And then, the dust from out her gown she shook,
Her cap adjusted on her poor old pate,
She rose, and then her hedge stake staff she took,
And, for the dusty road, her dining room forsook.

LXXVIII.

Now on her backward way she moves along,
Though not so cheerful as she was that morn
When she set forth, nor felt she quite so strong,
For now her body's strength was greatly worn ;
Her expectations likewise, they were shorn,
While all that hope had promis'd seem'd as lost ;
Yet many miles she trac'd,—alone—forlorn—
But little thought how soon she would be crost,
With mishaps dire, in other wild extremes be tost.

LXXIX.

A cloudy storm was rising o'er the hills,
The wind came sweeping down the dusty road,
It rolls along, and all the concave fills,
Large rain drops fell where Jenny onward strode
The sun was gone—no more his lustre glow'd,
Then loud the thunder broke above her head,
While fiercely down the streaming torrent flow'd,
In wild affright, for shelter swift she fled,
And sunk beneath a trec, as if that she were dead.

LXXX.

See, poor old creature, how she prostrate lies,
Loud o'er her head the bell'wing thunders roar,
And prone to earth the forkéd light'ning flies,
While down from whence the dark clouds wildly soar,

A deluge falls that covers earth all o'er.
Her heart beats wild with fear and deep distress,
And agonizéd thoughts, that she no more
Her home shall e'er regain, or ever press
Her far off bed—of quiet lonely wretchedness.

LXXXI.

And where was he, the rich one, in that hour,
How shelter'd, while the sweeping tempest past?
In gilded hall perchance, or thick wall'd tower,
On silken couch reclin'd—while madly past
It onward flew—he scarcely heard the blast;
A noonday slumber on his eyes might fall,
And dreams delightful through the conflict last,
Or should he waking lie in fear's dread thrall,
What numbers round his couch the great rich man
could call!

LXXXII.

Poor Jenny had but One to call upon,
And to Him she would call, we may be sure;
No doubt he heard, as he had always done;
When she in suffering did much endure.
Ah! there she lay upon the lonely moor,
Drench'd in the tempest's fastly falling stream,
While lurid, from the cloudy dark obscure,
The fiery flashes fell in wild extreme,
Her very sight did seem to fail in its fierce gleam.

LXXXIII.

Loud roars the blast between the thunder peals,
And on its wings are fiery flashes sped,
O'er all her form the soaking moisture steals,
The very rocks are drench'd—the deluge spread
In running streams to form her wat'ry bed,
Helpless, beneath its 'whelming power she lies,
Whilst it beats wildly on her poor old head,
Swift o'er the hills the rumbling thunder flies,
Adown the vale, the long reverberation dies.

LXXXIV.

Thus for a time, the storm kept raging on,
And she lay trembling still beneath its power,
Till on the winds, to other scenes 'twas gone,
O'er other hills to sweep—to madly scower
Their heads and sides, with its descending shower.
Retiring slow—the rumbling thunder growl'd—
The light looked forth, from out its cloudy bower,
Faint and more faint, the winds, they howl'd,
And on their wings retreating light'nings wand'ring
prowl'd.

LXXXV.

There Jenny lay, as if that she were dead,
But did not dare to ope her poor old eyes,
Till when the tempest's rage was well nigh sped,
She 'gan to think that she had better rise,

And so what strength remains she willing tries,
She rests upon her arm, and looks around,
Then thinks upon the things which do comprise
Her present state, what means there could be found
To make all right, and then she rose from off the ground.

LXXXVI.

The thunder still, though at a distance spoke,
As yet the ling'ring shower was not past o'er,
And, when the gusty wind past through the oak,
With double force the wat'ry stream would pour,
Beneath it all poor Jenny stood. Once more
She wish'd to see the glorious sun unfold
His lovely face, his warmth to her restore ;
And now the wind and rain have ceas'd—behold
The clouds are rent. Ah ! see that disk of burning gold.

LXXXVII.

Bright shone the water drops upon the trees,
The stream ran swiftly down the furrow'd road,
The curling steam rose gently in the breeze,
The boughs bent down beneath their heavy load.
Beneath those boughs poor Jenny still abode,
She look'd above, where clouds like rocks were hurl'd,
And there, the bow of peace serenely rode,
From side to side a splendid arch unfurl'd— [world."
"He promis'd," Jenny said, "he would not drown the

LXXXVIII.

And now the shining beams once more attest
Returning calm, and prospects brightly fair,
She then her bonnet shook, her cap she prest,
And wrung the wet from out her old grey hair,
That duffil cloak, which she did careful wear,
When that she saw the storm approaching nigh,
Its heavy load expell'd with utmost care,
And hung it on a wither'd branch to dry—
Her mishap sad to mend, did every effort try.

LXXXIX.

When that the rich and great do thoughtless fall,
By accident into mischance's way,
What bustle, then, and, oh, how loud the call,
Assistance for to trim their grand array.
A queen did once perchance watch o'er the play
Of water fowls, that on a lake did float,
Too nigh she got—'tis true—believe me, pray,
Her shoe she wet, and splash'd her petticoat—
The fussing that took place, one could not help but note.

XC.

But no one made a fuss in Jenny's case,
Or strove to help her in her wretched plight,
How could they in that solitary place,
She was alone, and must all things make right,

And so she shook and squeez'd with all her might,
To press the water out, then hung them high,
To catch the breeze, where shone the sun so bright,
And ever and anon did softly sigh,
"It might have been much worse—he had not let her die."

XCI.

And so in time she 'gan to come about,
As she had done a thousand times before,
For by experience she had long found out,
For help, to self she must look evermore,
And then she turn'd her garments o'er and o'er,
To let the breeze and glowing warmth pass through ;
"Was glad," she said, "if wet, they were not tore,
Had it been so, where could she look for new?"—
And thus as things did mend, she quite contented grew.

XCII.

As time pass'd on, her clothes grew nearly dry,
Some on her back, from native warmth within,
Some from the breeze, where she had hung them high,
About her head she bound her grey hairs thin,
Put on her cap, and pinn'd it 'neath her chin,
And, though all moisture she could not expel,
From out her garments, old and very thin,
Though damp they were, she had no need to tell,
And so she said, "that she was fettl'd pretty well."

XCIII.

Then to the oaken tree she turn'd—that tree
Which her had shelter'd—then had well nigh drown'd,
And search'd with care among the boughs, to see
If that a staff among them might be found,
And soon the wither'd branch lay on the ground.
Ah! woman—what a wither'd branch wert thou!
Though wither'd much, it still was so far sound,
Her purpose it would suit—all ready now,
She took the miry road, and paddled through the slough.

XCIV.

Her duffil cloak upon the branch she flung,
And both were o'er her shoulders careful laid,
The breeze pass'd through it, as it pendant hung,
And undulating chaste, it waving play'd,
Bonnet in hand, she through the mud did wade,
For at that time her bonnet was not dry,
Well as she could, she must the sun evade,
That sun which her poor face did almost fry,
'Twas well that he was sinking fast adown the sky.

XCV.

With weary pace she gain'd the rising ground,
She past the inn beside the parting ways,
Then, 'neath the trees, how faint her footsteps sound,
The vale descends, and o'er the bridge she strays.

But oh ! that hill up which her path now plays,
How many weary steps to gain the brow,
She trod them all—and then success repays
The efforts that she makes, and she knew how
She had supported been, and who did strength allow.

XCVI.

Along the road—across the heath—where wild
The crimson heath bells hung that blessed morn,
When she sat there, and faithless hope beguil'd ;
Now hope was gone, 'twas from her bosom torn,
She was alone in this wide world forlorn,
And then the evening sun was sinking fast,
By misty distant hills his beams were shorn,
Ere long to other climes he slowly past,
And shading, deep'ning glooms around her path were cast.

XCVII.

And then that lovely hill, she pac'd it down,
And kept along the straight and level road,
In time was walking through that country town
Through which in morn so cheerily she strode ;
And oh ! how bright the lights in each abode,
Though darkness fill'd the now forsaken sky,
So dark it was, the church tower scarcely show'd
Where it was sleeping on its bank—on high—
She heeded church nor tower—she calmly pass'd them by.

XCVIII.

Then slowly up the hill, then down again,
And then with weary pace along the vale,
Another long and toilsome hill—what pain
Her poor old feet did rack—they'd surely fail
She thought—yet on she went, and did prevail—
Upon the hill's high head once more she stood,
To rest awhile, and heaven's breath inhale,
And then she saw, just o'er a distant wood,
Thro' broken clouds the queen of night shed down her flood.

XCIX.

Of streaming light upon the sleeping trees,
A silv'ry sheen—'twas beauteous to behold,
More beauteous still, the gorg'ous clouds she sees,
That circling round—the orb of night unfold,
'Twas silent loveliness—past being told,
And Jenny felt the richness of the sight,
She gazing stood—until she felt the cold,
Reminded thus, she did her powers unite,
While longing thoughts of home her wishes did excite.

C.

Again she moves—and time doth with her move,
The moon sails calmly up the clouded sky,
And oft her beams a welcome blessing prove
As on her path they fall, and trembling lie,

The things that charm'd in morn, she passes by,
The vill—the cot—the farm—the convent's towers—
Now this—now that—she faintly doth espy,
While miles are past, and many weary hours,
Tho' painful was her task, yet equal were her powers.

CI.

Those long, long towns! at last she gains the street,
Where all was silent as the stilly grave,
She heard the sounding of her falling feet,
Which seem'd to waken echo in her cave;
She pass'd that church of architecture brave,
Which she admir'd, when morn had it bedight,
Then up another hill, though faint, must slave,
She does; another mile, and all is right,
She sees her home appear, in morning's opening light.

CII.

A day and night she had in peril been,
Her journey had ta'en twenty four long hours.
What things within that compass had she seen,
What sunshine bright, and oh! what dreadful showers!
She walks down hill, while opening daylight lowers,
'And there her home before her stands confess'd,
Not palace grandeur—no, nor lordly towers,
More welcome e'er, when owner's feet have prest,
She enters in, and on her bed sinks down to rest.

CIII.

Blest be that power which gave us balmy sleep,
Rich solace of the care distracted mind ;
Oh ! blest that power which silent watch doth keep,
When wearied creatures on their beds reclin'd,
Forgetfulness of all life's ills do find,
Such was the sleep which fell on Jenny's eyes,
So deep, all faculties it seem'd to bind
In one rich stupor—not the street's loud noise
Could break the bounden charm of nature's sympathies.

CIV.

The sun was moving on his downward course,
When the sound sleeper from her bed arose,
When tidied up, she was not much the worse,
A cup of tea she got—then did purpose
To see her neighbours round—she cheerful goes,
Is well received, and loudly as she went
Did all the horrors of the storm disclose ;
“The rich man's gifts—pooh, 'twas not that she meant,
God had preserv'd, tho' down, thank him, she was not
shent.”

CV.

Once more into her usual course she slid,
Again contented pass'd the cheerful day,
Sometimes her wants were known, sometimes were hid,
A modest carriage her's, with no display

Of greedy wants, while sure and slow decay
Did on her steal, time's hand upon her press'd :
It doth so ever, he makes no delay.
Though poor, want never was her frightful guest,
She hop'd it would be so till she should sink to rest.

CVI.

Have we not read, in book of holy lore,
How one did sleep beneath the desert tree,
Whom painful marching through the wilds had wore,
And hunger prest, while fearful he did flee ;
Till weary-worn and spent, compell'd was he
Beneath a bush of juniper to steal,
And there he slept ? But there were eyes did see,
Ears which had caught his last faint spoke appeal,
An angel came, and woke him to his midnight meal.

CVII.

And, though an angel's brightness was not seen,
Standing at midnight by her poor old frame,
Scatt'ring the darkness with its heavenly sheen,
And with its radiance showing whence it came :
Yet still the consequences were the same :
Bread she had aye, and flesh to her was given,
She knew the donor well, as her became,
In prayer and praise for it had often striven,
And when the gift was sent, she knew it came from heaven.

CVIII.

Ah me ! how is it God doth feed the poor ?
The myriad millions that on earth are spread ?
The countless crowds that press around his door ?
How constant fill those hung'ring souls with bread ?
Wide o'er the world how are his blessings shed ?
Whence—from what source—doth he the mass sustain,
The mass unnumber'd, that on earth do tread,
And dwell beneath his gracious sovereign reign ?
To comprehend the mind doth strive—but strives in vain.

CIX.

One thing we know, and thanks for it are due,
He hath contriv'd with most transcendant care,
That riches are not wealth—and all as true,
That we are best with very temp'rate fare,
For over-fulness doth disease prepare,
And many evils to indulgence cling ;
Riches we know are but increase of care,
And all the luxuries which they do bring,
Are but the body's curse, the mind's unceasing sting.

CX.

And so we see, if riches are accurst,—
Mistake me not, I mean their great excess,
Poor Jenny's case was not the very worst,
Though many would have call'd it deep distress,

And she herself might think it nothing less ;
“ Empty and easy ” still she ever went,
Enough she had, nor sunk beneath the press,
While health did last, she strove to be content :
If ill, a neighbour something comfortable sent.

CXI.

And so she meekly pass'd from day to day,
Through weary months that make the ling'ring year,
And while she sunk with age and slow decay,
A gracious Providence did interfere,
Her weak and wand'ring steps to safely steer ;
Through every storm of life to gently guide ;
A bit of fire she had, to warm and cheer,
A home, though poor, in which to safely hide,
And with them she did get ten thousand things beside.

CXII.

All little things, which summ'd up make a whole,
A total of the things which she did want,
Sometimes a neighbour's gift—a parish dole—
The poor man's trifle—and the rich one's grant—
A few loose scraps—where she a visitant
Did call when that she went her neighbours round,
Small things from those whose riches were but scant,
When put together, made her much abound ;
One scarce can say how 'twas, but thus all things were found.

CXIII.

It hath been said, but seems a paradox,
For such a circumstance could not be found,
It looks absurd, and much our reason shocks,
Indeed poor reason seems quite run aground,
If to it, this odd saying you propound,
Odd as it is, yet it must out, of course,
If all our reasoning power it doth confound,
And this is it, with which I close this verse, [worse.
That nought was e'er so bad—but there was something

CXIV.

This seemeth strange—the worst, the worst must be,
But let it pass, I cannot put it right,
Such paradoxes are too much for me,
My reason to them is unequal quite,
And so we'd better put them out of sight.
I did not mean, though Jenny still declin'd,
That any great mischance did on her light,
But this, another one that she did find,
Was still more wretched, helpless, old, and almost blind.

CXV.

Her name was Betty, but it matters not
What else, that was enough to know her by ;
She to herself a tiny house had got,
And there upon her bed did helpless lie.

Bed-rid the term which to her did apply :
And she did some assistance sadly need,
Some one to help till she should chance to die,
To this preferment Jenny did succeed,
No doubt it plagu'd her much, but then she got a meed.

CXVI.

And what the mighty meed that she did get ?
'Twas not a payment, but she sav'd expense,
She sav'd her rent—not much you'll say—and yet
To her it sav'd a weekly long tenpence ;
Small though it seems, to her it was immense.
What feelings bland upon her mind did strike,
But Betty's pains were great—her groans intense,
And Jenny thought she was a sad old tike,
“ Was sure,” she said, “ that no one ever saw the like.”

CXVII.

How sad the feeling of decaying age,
How painful all the things which round it bind,
How vain all efforts made for to assuage
The body's pains, the weakness of the mind ;
And yet these things so sad, we ever find,
Do fit the willing soul to pass away,
To leave this world, and all its things behind,
And quit with joy its tenement of clay.
Happy the souls whom God doth fit for their last day !

CXVIII.

Days had pass'd by, 'mid many painful moans,
Months had escap'd, with many bitter tears,
Years, with their heavy load of midnight groans,
Which Betty breath'd, which fell on Jenny's ears ;
Upon her bed one with'ring form appears,
The other watches by her lonely side,
With smiles and cares, how willingly she cheers
That being, who but for her care had died,
And He was looking on who doth the whirlwind ride.

CXIX.

And thus poor Jenny made up eighty years,
More than the common lot allowed to man.
Ah ! when we backward turn, how short appears
That lengthen'd term, it dwindles to a span—
Whate'er our deeds—while through it we have ran,
That last sad hour—so horrible to some—
She now must meet, and all its horrors scan—
Death at her door doth stand, her time is come—
She must away, we trust to find a better home.

CXX.

'Twas eve, and Betty on her bed lay still,
Jenny was busied with her house affairs,
Some little act of duty to fulfil,
She to a closet nigh at hand repairs,

What means that light which from the closet glares ?
Ah ! what hath happen'd—what misfortune dire ?
A neighbour enters, and her garments tears,
Her garments wrapp'd in fast consuming fire,
And, oh ! alas the day, that she should thus expire !

CXXI.

She was not dead, but death had struck the blow,
Which was to take her from this world of care,
So deep the wound, she scarcely seem'd to know
That he had made an angry visit there ;
And when her pitying neighbours did repair,
To offer comfort in her great distress,
She meekly thank'd them for the kindly share .
They took in her mishap, but must confess
“ It might have been much worse, it could not be much less.”

CXXII.

A week of sinking on her bed she lies,
Of sinking fast though always free from pain,
And yet the fire had closed those poor old eyes,
Which never on this world must ope again ;
Through all she pass'd, but never did complain.
'Mong many kind, was one who daily hied,
To point the road he hop'd she might attain,
To pray to One whose blood that road had dy'd—
She past in peace, who thro' her whole life had been tried.

CXXIII.

Thus she, whose life had been one constant scene
Of still unbroken kindliness, a round
Of interchangéd charities, though mean
Her lot, so much her goodness did abound,
That when the slayer came, she then was found
In action kind, working almost alone,
Thus she had past beyond earth's utmost bound.
Oh ! Thou, that didst for all mankind atone,
Lord of the boundless realms above, take home thine own.

CXXIV.

Though round her grave there were no wailings loud,
Nor o'er her relics fell one single tear,
In coffin'd neatness, and in cleanly shroud,
With all things suiting to her humble sphere,
She soon was brought where all mankind appear ;
That last, that only place of quiet rest.
Her neighbours show'd how much they did revere
Her worth, when round her open grave they prest ;
And now that grave is clos'd—may she be with the blest.

CXXV.

And what became of him—the rich—the high—
The man who dwelt within that splendid hall ?
Ere Jenny cold in her dark grave did lie,
He answer'd well, ere any one did call !

To hear such things it well nigh doth appal
One's mind—one's power of thinking—to behold
Such circumstances, when they do befall—
He many thousands gave, a church grown old
To beautify—the tale the public papers told.

CXXVI.

Ah ! who with plummet line shall ever try,
To sound the depths within the human mind,
Who bring to light the thoughts that in it lie,
Its hidden motives, secret springs shall find,
And all its wily turnings clear unwind ?
He, who'd not look upon his relative,
Not even answer, with a word unkind ;
He, thousands in the public eye could give ;
Grave it on marble deep—let all such actions live.

CXXVII.

I do not say 'twas wrong to beautify
The house of God, from out his countless store ;
I do not say 'twas wrong to sanctify
His coffer'd wealth thus richly running o'er ;
Or down the stream of usefulness to pour
His great abundance for the public good ;
But when that helpless one did so implore,
And made her wretched case so understood,
'Twas wrong to turn in pride from his own flesh and blood !

CXXVIII.

Enough, what is the moral that we glean,
From this our very lowly history ?
However low, there is not aught so mean,
But in it there doth some instruction lie :
We learn, from those whom God hath plac'd on high,
He taketh boundless gifts to aid the poor,
That to his helpless ones he's ever nigh,
In every time of need a friend most sure,
And gifts, and graces still, doth on his creatures pour.

CXXIX.

Oh Thou ! who sittest on that awful throne,
Whence voices come, 'mid lightnings—thunders' peal
Where circling lies that rainbow em'rald zone,
And seas of glass their crystal waves reveal,
Hear, from that throne—oh ! hear this weak appeal,
While cherubim and seraphim do share
With all the angel host, thy fost'ring weal,
While earth-born great ones with their gifts repair,
Do thou, still make the poor thine own peculiar care !

THE
FLIGHT OF PEACE.

I.

OH ! where is gentle Peace gone hide
Her form so passing fair ?
Where from our presence hath she hied
And made her home—ah ! where ?
Go seek her in the silent wood,
In distant lands, or nigh
Adown the vale, beside the flood,
Entreat her not to fly.

II.

She is not in the city full,
Nor in the proud man's hall ;
She rather seeks sweet flowers to cull,
Where lonely footsteps fall ;
In palace grandeur dwells not she,
'Mong things that keep so high,
With crownéd heads she will not be,
She'd rather from them fly.

III.

And where contentious men are seen,
In furious strong debate,
Her gentle form hath never been,
She loves not idle prate ;
Nor doth she walk the crowded street,
To list the rabble's cry ;
But turns to seek some lone retreat,
And spreads her wings to fly.

IV.

But there is many a little spot,
Where she doth love to dwell,
Sometimes a quiet lonely cot,
Sometimes a flowery dell !
And oft upon a mountain side
She loves at rest to lie ;
Doth often through the vallies glide,
To their retirement fly.

V.

In cushion'd cradle fast asleep,
Was once a lovely child,
And o'er its rest, strict watch to keep,
A mother's eyes shone mild ;
And Peace sat brooding o'er the scene,
Till woke the sleeping boy ;
He loudly scream'd—no more serene—
What could she do but fly ?

VI.

And there was one much older grown,
Upon a bank of flowers,
And Peace was there—it was her own,
Her home of golden hours,
He held a wreath of blossoms bland,
Then scream'd a fearful cry;
A stinging bee had pierc'd his hand,
And she was forc'd to fly.

VII.

In evening hours she took delight
With two fond hearts to stray,
While faded slow the purple light,
Upon their charméd way,
So deep, so firm, the sentiment
That in their hearts did lie,
It seem'd to them she had been sent
With power no more to fly.

VIII.

And thus, through weeks and months she kept
A golden holy day,
Till when, an envious power that slept
Awoke, and crost their way:
On other forms, the youth had turn'd
A roving thoughtless eye—
With jealousy the maiden burn'd,
And Peace again must fly.

IX.

She once did dwell with wedded love,
While plenty serv'd the board,
Prosperity did richly serve
From out her golden hoard :
Adversity—ah ! sad to tell—
Did come, their strength to try,
They could not then together dwell—
Peace spread her wings to fly.

X.

She doth not love the warrior's train,
The banner's flaunting play ;
She never saw the battle plain,
Or heard the trumpet bray ;
She hates the spear—she spurns the shield—
All things that glorify ;
Would rather to the tempest yield,
And with the lightning fly.

XI.

Yet storms are not her element,
In all their grandeur rude,
And when on errands they are sent,
Is never with them view'd ;
But when their clouds have pass'd away,
And left the deep blue sky,
Doth meekly through the meadows play,
And o'er the mountains fly.

XII.

Her's are not things of mortal toil,
Or elemental strife,
She wraps her not in discord's coil,
Nor bears destruction's knife ;
The grandest things the world hath known
Have never met her eye,
And where contentions have been strewn,
How swift away did fly.

XIII.

I've sought with care, my whole life through,
That she should be my guest,
With gentle words did often woo,
With strong persuasion press'd,
And sometimes for a moment's space
Have seen her looking shy,
But scarcely could her features trace,
Ere she again would fly.

XIV.

Among the busy, bustling crowd,
Upon the public way,
Where dwell the great—the rich—the proud,
Or pleasure holds her sway,
But never in such scenes as these
Could I her form descry,
From pleasure's haunts she always flees,
From pomp and pride doth fly.

XV.

I saw her once—'twas by surprise,
How silent was the place,
There watch'd the beaming of her eyes,
The blushes on her face,
'Twas in a rustic cottage porch
A thousand flowers hung by,
And o'er her head a weeping birch
So still—she could not fly.

XVI.

And by her side a female form,
In meditation mild,
Who at her breast did nestle warm
Her first-born infant child;
I trode on silk—not for both Ind'
Would I the charm untie,
It seem'd in speaking I had sinn'd,
By forcing Peace to fly.

XVII.

We met again, and all alone,
Within a woody shade,
Where o'er our heads the rude boughs thrown,
A leafy covert made;
I sat me down beneath a tree,
Whose head was soaring high,
Distinctly there her form could see,
She had no wish to fly.

XVIII.

I held a book of poesy,
And on the pages dwelt,
And she look'd o'er the leaves with me,
And seem'd in trance to melt;
I turn'd the leaves—she turn'd them too,
Did through their breathings pry,
More closely to my side she grew,
Ah! wherefore should she fly?

XIX.

And round our seat of mossy green
Unnumber'd flowers bloom'd wild,
Of every tint the eye hath seen,
In rich abundance pil'd;
And all so calm, one might have thought
That nature's self would die,
With extacy my mind was fraught,
How could she—could she fly?

XX.

Then softly sweet, the silken dream
Did o'er my senses steal,
Thus shadow'd from the noonday gleam,
And rich in fancy's weal;
The leaves mov'd not, the boughs were still,
The breeze ne'er pass'd us by,
Deep silence seem'd the mind to fill,
She had no cause to fly.

XXI.

. But all must change—all pass away,
All silence yield to sound,
Nor Peace herself, for one whole day,
Shall at our side be found.
A hawk pursu'd a wood queest wild,
And that poor wretch must die ;
The beauteous flowers with blood were soil'd,
And Peace—I saw her fly.

XXII.

Yet though she fled, she hath return'd,
I many times have seen,
And often have from others learn'd,
Where haply she hath been :
Her visits short 'mong men are found,
Whenever she doth try
To rest awhile, in her long round,
Ere she again doth fly.

XXIII.

She walks alone upon the beach
Of ocean's sandy shore,
But spreads her wings when tempests reach
That spot with angry roar ;
She moves upon the mighty deep
When still the waters lie,
But when the furious winds do sweep
How swiftly doth she fly !

XXIV.

'Tis seldom in the human mind
That she can make her home,
How few the hearts that she can find
Where safely she can come ;
Yet now and then, a quiet breast
She cunningly doth spy,
Where for a moment she may rest,
And plume her wings to fly.

XXV.

But chiefly is the chaste one found
Where no rude sounds intrude,
Upon that spot of holy ground
Where dwells lone Solitude ;
And there shut out from worldly things,
They with each other vie,
In efforts bland, to fold those wings—
She needeth not to fly.

XXVI.

Oft, in the garden's stilly bower,
Their timid forms I've seen ;
Again, in evening's fading hour
They both have with me been ;
And she who lights my soul with bliss,
Hath join'd that hour of joy,
A tranced sight I would not miss,
Nor wish that they should fly.

XXVII.

- But there's a place of deepest gloom,
Where she doth constant come,
She loves the silence of the tomb,
The weary pilgrim's home ;
She watches o'er the mould'ring dead,
Is death's most firm ally,
She walks where whitening bones are spread,
And feels no wish to fly.

XXVIII.

She slowly moves, with pace sedate,
Among those awful things ;
She sits upon the coffin'd state
Of slowly mould'ring kings ;
She watches o'er the dark decay
Where peasant remnants lie ;
She dwells where all things pass away,
But forms no wish to fly.

XXIX.

She stands beside the lowly bed,
Where good men sink to rest,
And when the parting soul is sped
To mingle with the blest ;
Together then—in bliss enshrin'd,
They pass the boundless sky,
The rolling clouds are left behind,
Ah me ! how swift they fly.

STANZAS

TO MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I.

OF what avail the painter's skill,
To touch the vermil tints of youth,
From inspiration's fount to fill,
His pastil with the forms of truth ?
Imprest how long on summer skies,
Retains its form the passing cloud ;
Or beamings bright, from human eyes,
Ere dimm'd their light in sorrow's shroud ?

II.

Ah ! what avails the stretch of mind,
The cunning hand to deftly trace,
Those marks of beauty rich combin'd,
That mingle in the human face ?
Or if perchance the form is caught,
Those shadowy lines the hands control,
Who with the power—yet e'er was fraught
To paint the light—the shade of soul ?

III.

The blooming face—so fair express'd
With beamings from the mind's deft play,
Is scarcely seen—in beauty dressed,
Ere change steals all the charm away,
The laughing eye with pleasure full,
The curling locks above the brow,
Are gone—ere art each charm can cull,
Which that soon changing form endow.

IV.

Youth—lit with smiles—enshrin'd in light,
With all the charms its day doth dower,
Comes in a garb—by nature dight,
For time to spoil with blighting power,
And age with wrinkl'd brow appears,
Whose few thin hairs still ling'ring wave,
Spent with the snow of number'd years,
Whose goal is in the silent grave.

V.

And such wert thou—dear sainted shade,
That hankest on my chamber's wall,
In life's last fading form array'd,
A leaf just caught before its fall,
A shadowy thing—of times gone by,
A cloud enrich'd with evening's dyes,
A link in fond affection's tie,
To wake this heart—to fill these eyes.

VI.

How mem'ry gives me strongly back,
While thus I sit—and gaze on thee,
Life's weary burden'd, vista'd track,
Which I have pass'd by fate's decree ;
The long past days—the gliding years,
Since thou hast into silence gone,
The blighted hopes—the brighten'd fears,
That on my devious paths were strown.

VII.

And thou wert resting—Oh ! how still,
And clods of earth were on thee prest,
Whose image could this poor heart fill,
With thoughts and visions of the blest,
Yet still I gaze—and read in thought,
A mother's love in those dear eyes,
That love, with which thine heart was fraught,
So deep—in mem'ry's mine that lies.

VIII.

When first, in life's young opening dawn,
As observation first 'gan wake,
And, from my senses was withdrawn
That veil, which made my life partake ;
What were the objects first I saw,
When looking up in faint surprise,
What with such cords of love could draw,
What, but the glances of those eyes !

XI.

And when my tender mind began,
To wake on things in this new world,
Dear nature's lovely sights to scan,
As time those treasures rich unfurl'd,
'Twas thine to guide the young desire,
To teach my thoughts to upward rise,
To other worlds bade me aspire,
Where thou art now—beyond the skies.

X.

How oft for me, the tears have stood,
In those dear orbs that speak thy soul,
And down those furrow'd cheeks, a flood
Of fond affection slowly stole ;
Precst to that breast, how oft hath been,
My infant head, soft pillow'd there,
Close and more close—in bliss serene,
Wrapt in thy best, thy fondest care.

XI.

What matter'd what the world might think,
If e'er the world could think on thee,
From its rude gaze I saw thee shrink,
And felt, thou wert a world to me ;
Unchang'd for aye—through all mine years,
Howe'er life's current stream might run,
Thou wert a shelter for my fears,
A sanctuary—always won.

XII.

I look me back—oh! filmy time—
How far the day to which I look,
When thou wert in thy summer's prime,
And I, thy every thought partook ;
What matters now the open brow,
The glowing cheek that then was thine,
They were but things, where time might plough
His furrows deep—in thy decline.

XIII.

And time—with care—in stealthy flight,
Past on, and wore those things away,
Age came, and shed its palsied blight
Upon thy peaceful slow decay,
And thy dear mind, on mercy staid,
Held to that promise, faithful given,
By Him, who hath a refuge made,
Up, in the courts of highest heaven.

XIV.

Mother—I thank the mighty One,
That I was with thee in that hour,
What joy, to know now thou art gone,
That thou hast felt redemption's power ;
What thanks are due—that I have stood
Beside thy newly open'd grave,
And felt that thou wast with the good,
That He had took—who also gave.

XV.

And thou hast slept in thy cold shroud,
The stilly sleep that will not wake,
Thy narrow cell hath been endow'd,
With what for me such bliss could make;
And time with me still ling'ring stays,
The stream of life flows slowly on,
While thy remembrance round me plays,
It ceaseth not, though thou art gone.

XVI.

Forget thee? no! that cannot be,
Lone treasure of my secret mind,
Thou hast a biding place with me,
Thy form is in my heart enshrin'd,
While mem'ry lives, thou e'er shalt dwell,
In thine own sanctified retreat,
Where all is thine—each throb—each swell,
Till like thine own—it cease to beat.

XVI.

See how the sinking evening sun
Shines brightly through the window's frame,
Like mine, his race is well-nigh run,
He sets in crimson, golden flame;
And thou art beaming in his light,
How rich his glories on thee rest,
Where thou art hanging in my sight,
In all that shining brightness drest.

XVIII.

In this last hour of dying day,
While fix'd on thee my thoughts repose,
Entranc'd—to thee I would convey
Those thoughts with which this heart o'erflows ;
But thou art silent—calmly still—
While my faint words are falling weak,
Yet so, thou dost this poor heart fill,
I think I almost hear thee speak.

XIX.

But I shall hear that voice no more,
Those silver tones—so rich—so clear,
Nought shall on earth the sound restore,
That breath'd such music to mine ear.
Affection—mem'ry—wherefore dwell,
In these repinings—Oh ! how vain—
The eve is clos'd—dear shade, farewell ;
'Twill be—that we shall meet again.

THE EMIGRANTS.

I.

THEY are gone, but it 's not to the tomb,
In their homes they no longer are found ;
They have pass'd in their youth and their bloom,
Far away, to the earth's utmost bound.
In the thick tangl'd woods, on some far distant shore,
They have shelter'd their heads, we shall see them no more.

II.

They will wander among the strange hills,
Of the bear and the panther the guest ;
They will list to their howl, as it fills
The lone place where they sink down to rest.
Oh then sound be their sleep, in the home they have
In the far away wilds of the dark forest shade. [made,

III.

Unsubdued by their fears, they will go
Where the world wears a garment of white,
And will see, in the regions of snow,
The quick play of the rich polar light.
Through the long winter's night, they will hear the winds
O'er the desolate coast of the bleak Labrador. [roar,

IV.

All Columbia's land will be their's,
The savannah, the valley and hill,
To her fresh water seas they are heirs,
To each fast flowing stream and each rill.
They will walk in the shade, by the Oronoque's stream,
While the branches will wave, and the lory will scream.

V.

When the light, and the water's rich gleams,
From some mountain's high summit they see,
They will turn to their own native streams,
And will think on "the banks of the Dee."
They will muse through the day on lost things that
they love, [Dove.
They will sleep, and will dream of the Trent and the

VI.

They will feel of each climate the change,
As they pass to the land of the sun,
And yet fearless they onward will range,
To the place where his race is begun.
They will bask in his blaze on the Indian shore,
And will own all the land that the Tartar ran o'er.

VII.

Where a thousand bright isles are at rest,
In the great southern ocean's vast bound,
There the mark of their keel will be prest,
And the print of their footsteps be found.
They will sit on the rocks, watch the sea as it heaves,
And will fan their hot brows with the palmetto leaves.

VIII.

Where the fierce sun of Africa lies,
At high noon on the hot burning sand,
By their arm the vast elephant dies,
And the lion is slain by their hand.
For Australia's land they will spread their glad sail,
On whose shores they will combat the great southern whale.

IX.

Where the tir'd sun sinks to his rest,
They will gather rich garlands of flowers,
And will drink of the juice that is prest
From the cane, in the hot burning hours.
In the beautiful night, when the moon is gone by,
They will watch the wild starts of the dancing fire fly.



THEY WILL SIT ON THE ROCKS WATCH THE SEA AS IT RAGES
AND WILL FAN THEIR HOT BROWS WITH THE PALM LEAF FANS

X.

Where another dear home they achieve,
Near some stream that runs gurgling by,
They will sit by their doors in the eve
And will turn to the heavens their eye,
Where the bright moon is sailing, her path with clouds
crost,
And will think, Doth she look on the home we have lost ?

XI.

Then how fast will the rich forest fade,
Where they move on their immigrant road,
They will visit with fire the deep shade,
And will rear in its place their abode ;
Where the wild creatures roam'd, and the forest was
There vast cities will rise, and exist in their stead. [spread,

XII.

They will pass through the days of their youth,
And will come to their journey's last stage ;
They will feel in those days, of a truth,
They have finish'd their history's page ;
They will tremble and sink and their hearts will grow cold,
They will lie down and die, like their fathers of old.

XIII.

But the graves of their fathers no more
Will the children's ashes receive,
Even death, in his power, can't restore
The place they so long since did leave.
They must find a new grave, where they lay down their
head,
A last house, which shall serve for their living and dead.

XIV.

But their numerous offspring will spread,
Through all lands that are lit by the sun,
And the book of our deeds they will read
Through the race which so nobly we've run.
With our poets' charm'd lays, and our moralists' tales,
They will sing the old songs that have waken'd our vales.

XV.

They will utter the sound of our tongue,
When they worship at morning and night,
And will sing in our language their song
To the praise of the Father of light.
They will make the earth teem, where their foot hath e'er
With the precepts, the practice, and faith of our God. [trod,

XVI.

They will come from all ends of the world,
And will visit the queen of the isles ;
In whose bays their white sails will be furl'd,
While they seek to be blest in her smiles.
They will wend through our vales, o'er our mountains
and plains,
And will say, 'tis our blood that doth flow in their veins.

XVII.

But the queen of the isles will decay,
And her riches and splendour be o'er,
As the nations that once had their day,
But are found in their greatness no more ;
Like Palmyra and Thebes, that are sunk to a shade,
Will our cities and temples vast ruins be made.

XVIII.

Their descendants will then be the great,
When we sink in a nation's old age,
They will mourn—when we bend to our fate,
They will grieve o'er the modern Carthage.
And the curious then o'er the ocean will come,
And will seek, as we seek, through the ruins of Rome.

R E G R E T.

I.

SAY, why is the tenor of poesy, aye,
The dark language of one that doth fret,
And why, in the chant of its beautiful lay,
Doth it speak of all things with regret ?

II.

The bard, who is blest with the sweet flow of song,
And hath prison'd his muse in his nest ;
Might surely be cheerful his numbers among,
And not wail with such constant regret.

III.

How many the Oh's ! and the Ah's ! that we find,
And deep thoughts that are blacker than jet,
While moaning and moping they turn them behind
But to look on past things with regret.

IV.

But 'tis not the poets alone that we see
On such sorrowful thoughts that are set,
For the thing we've possess'd, we all do agree,
If 'tis lost—to think on't with regret.

V.

The child who hath gone for the first time to school,
And is thumbing its new alphabet,
Turnst thoughtfully back from its school-dame's strict rule,
To the play it hath lost with regret.

VI.

While he that hath past from his school-dame's strict care,
And a far stricter master hath met,
Doth wish he was pinn'd once again to her chair,
And her frowns, and her rod doth regret.

VII.

And he that hath gone in the wide world, to learn
By what means bread and cheese he shall get,
How oft in the pain of the present doth turn
To his schoolmaster's cane with regret.

VIII.

And he that in manhood, with fortune doth cope,
While he means she shall make him her pet,
Soon woefully learns, when forsaken by hope,
That he nothing has left but regret.

IX.

The silly young man who hath money galore,
When he goes among gamblers to bet,
Experience learns, when his frolic is o'er,
And he looks in his purse with regret.

X.

The proud man, who soars with ambition so high,
Till he gains him a bright coronet,
How bitter his pangs, when he lies down to die,
That his whole life is food for regret.

XI.

The mother, whose beautiful infant hath died,
On whose cheek are fresh tears lying wet,
Say what were her feelings, when slowly she hied
Past its grave, was it hopeless regret ?

XII.

The prisoner's thoughts, as he lies in his cell,
Vainly hoping again to be let
To roam through that world, which he loveth so well,
Thinks, and dreams on, with constant regret.

XIII.

And he that hath travell'd a far away road,
Knows a spot that he cannot forget,
'Tis the home of his youth—his childhood's abode,
Which he pictures for aye with regret.

XIV.

The sentiment holds, and it ever is true,
Where retir'd is the lone anchoret,
Though distant the world, and with heaven in view,
If he thinks—he is sure to regret.

XV.

While memory lives to illumine the soul,
And the mind in its workings doth whet,
A thought will arise, if we hear the bell toll,
Of some one that we deeply regret.

XVI.

How weary the life of the patient hind,
On whose brow lie deep furrows of sweat,
Unceasing his labour, in rain and in wind,
Night and morn—he hath nought but regret.

XVII.

While he that is rich in his vast hoarded store,
And with friends that in all things abet,
Doth turn in his mind, while he counteth it o'er,
To the things he hath not—with regret.

XVIII.

Perhaps we have journey'd in summer's rich prime,
On the banks of some lone rivulet,
O'er some far off hills—that we never in time
Shall look on—but shall always regret.

XIX.

'Twas then in the morning so cheerful we rose
To set off on our gay ambulet,
Those days are all gone, with their nights of repose,
Nought remains of them now but regret.

XX.

Experience teaches, we suffer in turn,
From the great and the proud one's rude threat,
'Tis well if in meekness we only can learn
To be patient, howe'er we regret.

XXI.

When trouble befalls us on every side,
Which the business of life doth beget,
Remember we then, while soft onward we glide,
That hope mingles its light with regret.

XXII.

If we live to old age, we surely shall be
Then with care and with weakness beset,
Thus warn'd let us turn, and prepare us to flee,
Where no more we shall suffer regret.

XXIII.

And then we shall lie, in our last quiet home,
Where blooms o'er us the sweet violet,
Where never again shall the cares of life come,
Nor the cankering worm of regret.

XXIV.

Beyond that last house, there's another bright clime,
Where unknown is that sad epithet,
In heaven safe hous'd, we shall have done with time,
And its constant companion, regret.

OUR VOYAGE AT SEA,

FROM WHITEHAVEN TO LIVERPOOL.

I.

THE beautiful sun in the heavens was bright,
And the sailors sung out in their glee,
We dash'd through the spray that was breaking in light,
On the breast of the green swelling sea ;
We cut through the waves with our vessel's sharp prow,
O'er the fathomless deep, our fleet one did plough.

II.

The main was before us, how far and how wide,
Scoria's hills in the distance were blue,
And we looked o'er the space where Erin did hide,
In the haze which obstructed our view,
While dim on our vision was faintly impress'd,
The form of old Mona, in ocean at rest.

III.

We turn'd us about, to the bright southern sun,
As we gaily mov'd on in the wind,
How loud hiss'd the waves, as swift thro' them we run,
And we heard them careering behind ;
Saint Bees rose aloft, on our left, in its pride,
Where the tow'r of its Pharos look'd o'er the tide.

IV.

How beautiful thus, 'tis to ride on the deep,
To sink down and rise up with the wave,
To see the salt spray, as swift through it we sweep,
Dash about, and the gallant ship lave,
When all speaks of newness, so fresh to the eye,
The heart beats with gladness, as onward we fly.

V.

The gulls flew around us, each white snowy wing,
Was oft dipp'd in the brine and the foam,
Now down 'mid the waves, then fleet upward they spring,
And they scream with delight o'er their home ;
That home of wild waters, where fearless they dwell,
I' the soft inspiration of nature's own spell.

VI.

It seem'd, as the sunlight fell down on the sea,
That the water with jewels was full ;
While over our heads, if we look'd up to see,
Were huge clouds, like white mountains of wool ;
The breeze sped on swiftly, refreshing and bland,
As it pass'd from the sea, to sweep o'er the land.

VII.

When the rocks were receding—dying away,
In a valley enshrouded in trees,
We saw the remains of a barbaric day,
In the ruins of holy Saint Bees ;
And beyond them—how high—old Cumbria's hills,
The fathers of rivers, of streams, and of rills.

VIII.

Those mountains terrific, with heads in the sky,
How we look'd on their forms with delight,
And the shore's indentations, as we pass'd by,
In their beauty, oft broke on our sight,
Then we saw where Black Comb, up heavenward soar'd,
And we thought on the storms which round it had roar'd.

IX.

We look'd where the Duddon, that child of the hills,
Came adown, the rude ocean to meet,
And brought all their streams, which his rocky course fills,
As he sweeps him along by their feet ;
And then he came foaming in wrath, to the strand,
Where the sea waves were rolling upon the white sand.

X.

When the day 'gan decline, to deepen its shade,
And slow downward was wending the sun,
How chang'd was the tint, on the waters he made,
It was turn'd to a dark misty dun ;
The waves—in the winds—as they gat them up higher,
Had their white crests all tipp'd with sprinklings of fire.

XI.

He hung in his beauty, afar in the west,
And he scatter'd a vista of sheen,
He crimson'd the clouds that above him did rest,
With a splendour that seldom is seen ;
A scene of enchantment to look on for aye,
Like all that is splendid, to soon pass away.

XII.

On the crown of the sea, where heaven was met,
Was a ship, and her sails were all white,
She pass'd the sun's path, and seemed darker than jet,
As she sail'd through that region of light ;
And scarce had the dark one pass'd on, on her way,
Ere the sun sunk him down, and clos'd the bright day.

XIII.

Yet when he was gone, still the train of his light
Did slow lingering, fade in the sky,
Till over its brightness, the dark clouds unite,
And shut out the rich scene from each eye ;
A veil of dim darkness was spread o'er the sea,
That path of lone silence, through which we did flee.

XIV.

We had seen the high mountains sink into shade,
We had look'd, while each valley retir'd,
The town and the turret, had watch'd them all fade
Into darkness, when day had expir'd ;
Then to guide through the gloom, our path that was o'er,
The sailors were watching for lights on the shore.

XV.

We sat in the stillness, the darkness of night,
And we hark'd to the wind's passing sigh,
We saw, where they roll'd, the waves foaming white,
As they pass'd in their fearfulness by,
And deep were the thoughts that each bosom did fill,
But we spoke not our thoughts, were silent and still.

XVI.

Not few were the hours, that in silence we told,
While the lone night was passing away,
Ere we saw the dark clouds all slowly unfold,
And the moon in her beauty display,
The young crescent moon, with her half form'd zone,
And a belt of dark cloud, o'er her visage was thrown.

XVII.

We watch'd her descending, how dark was her orb,
As she seem'd in her wrath to retire,
That wide world of waters—we saw them absorb,
Her dark disk of deep coppery fire,
And close in her track, was a bright shining star,
That sunk, to illumine some region afar.

XVIII.

Then wearied with watching, we sunk to repose,
For deep sleep was bewild'ring our eyes,
But ere we could venture those orbits to close,
Each lone heart its faint orison tries ;
We ask'd Him who rules o'er the land and the deep,
To watch and to guard, through the dark hours of sleep.

XIX.

'Tis well, there's a refuge in every storm,
It is well, there's a friend e'en in peace,
Who can shield, from dangers of every form,
From the darkest of terrors release ;
Then sleep we in safety, on sea or on shore,
He's round us, is with us, to guard evermore.

STANZAS

ON THE NORTHERN LAKES.

I.

FROM Cumbria's hills, the summer breeze
Hath swept the clouds away,
Save, where around their heads, one sees,
A gleamy radiance play.
Mid light and shade they stand in peace,
The wonders of our clime,
And will, while on with weary pace
Shall linger aged time.

II.

Adown their rudely rifted sides
The mountain stream descends,
And oft behind the rock it hides,
As down its course it wends :
Its silver threads are shining bright,
Again when it appears
It flashes in the sunny light,
It murmurs on our ears.

III.

Blencathra's brow hath pierc'd the skies,
Helvellin meets the morn,
On Skiddaw's sides unnumber'd dyes
Have waken'd with the dawn.
While o'er some high aspiring head,
The eagle holds his flight,
Above where on his mountain bed
He slumber'd through the night.

IV.

Those quiet lakes that gleaming lie
In their sequester'd dells,
Where wand'ring wild the waters hie,
Or sink within their cells,
Whilst many an isle lies sleeping lone,
Within their wat'ry bound,
O'er which the beaming sun hath shone
Through summer's jocund round.

V.

Ah ! who shall speak thy lovely sight,
Divinest Windermere ;
Or who repress his fancy's flight
On Derwent's waters clear !
Give me on Raven crag to stand,
And gaze on Wythburn's swell ;
On Crummock look—so wild, so grand,
From Grasmoor's highest fell.

VI.

Oh ! place me on some rude rock's height,
In that sublimest hour,
When o'er the still, the peerless night,
The moon her light doth show'r ;
When softly down, the tender stream
Of silver light doth fall,
And faintly spreads its richest gleam
O'er night's entrancing pall.

VII.

When down the fell, mine eyes descend
To gaze upon the lake,
The burning stars their light do lend,
Another sky to make !
The azure blue—so deep, so vast,
The beams of heaven's queen,
The fleecy clouds, slow flitting past,
In all their filmy sheen.

VIII.

And then, let music's melting tone,
Along the waters steal ;
Among these rocks, so wild, so lone,
Its wak'ning pow'r reveal :
While far off sounds from some lone stream
With murm'ring voice combine,
To aid the universal theme,
In midnight chorus join.

IX.

Wake, poesy—oh ! wake again,
With all thy witching power ;
And thou, my soul, join in the strain,
In this most holy hour !
While hills and rocks their echos send
To join the flowing stream,
Thine own immortal powers lend
To praise the great Supreme.

STANZAS

ON GRASMERE LAKE.

I.

I stood upon the silent bourn
Of Grasmere's lonely lake,
And watch'd to see the various turn
The form of things would take ;
'Twas early morn—the coming day
Had chas'd departed night away.

II.

How silver bright the waters shone,
How placid all the scene,
The mountain sides with wild woods grown,
And rude rocks heap'd between,
Whose riven peaks ascending high,
Did seem to pierce the boundless sky.

III.

Deep down below, another scene
There met my wond'ring eye,
'Twas red, 'twas brown, 'twas glowing green,
Of nature's richest dye ;
Inverted all—but yet how clear,
The things which sunlight pictur'd there.

IV.

Helm-crag, but dimly seen at first,
Through mist that slowly wound
Around its form, then sudden burst
From its deep shade profound,
With misty clouds its head was drest,
While sunlight play'd upon its breast.

V.

A little isle—the lake within
Was pictur'd down below,
The sheep, that cropt the herbage thin,
Seem'd deeper down to go.
The trembling leaves upon the oak,
And e'en the cottage chimney smoke.

VI.

High in the air a hawk was pois'd,
At rest upon its wings,
A lark was higher in the skies,
You just could hear, "he sings,"
And both were pictur'd down below,
Deep as reflection's power could go.

VII.

Helvellin high, at distance seen,
Dim in the haze of morn,
Reflected in that deep serene,
His rocks, all rent and torn—
He charm'd the eye to stay, and view,
His sides of green, his head of blue.

VIII.

I've travell'd far this wide world round,
And many things I've seen,
But nought, in that wide range have found,
Like this enchanting scene !
How deep the thoughts that fill the mind,
How fast around one's heart they bind.

IX.

When scenes like this do fill the eye,
When thoughts like these oppress,
While full in sight such beauties lie,
Constrain'd we then confess,
That nature's works, when thus we scan,
How little seem the works of man !

FOUR SONNETS

ON

W. WORDSWORTH.

“Far from the world I walk, and from all care.”—*Idem*.

SONNET I.

HE dwells among the hills, and meekly there,
When evening falls, his quiet footsteps tread
Through lonely ways, by soothing fancy led,
To visit nature's calm retreats, and cheer
His wearied mind. Faint, lonely sounds to hear
Of evening songs, upon the chaste winds sped,
Breath'd by retiring swains, who o'er the head
Of fading hills their homeward path career.
What visions wake in that lone evening song,
What chords responsive move within his mind,
What tender lays are form'd those hills among,
What holy thoughts and beauteous words combin'd.
See, down the vale how soberly he goes,
Calm be his rest, unbroke his light repose.

SONNET II.

THOSE hills are his, and all that them endow ;
The rifted rocks, the richly gushing springs,
And flowing streams, where oft the linnet sings
Upon the wild broom's waving golden bough.
The fleecy film upon the mountain's brow,
That veils the gleamy sun. The flood that flings
O'er rocky heights, and through the valley rings,
As swiftly on its foaming waters plough.
There walks the bard, where all his treasures lie,
To gather in his harvest of the mind,
In morn and eve, he studiously doth hie,
Treasures how rich, on nature's face to find,
Like his own stock-dove, in its quiet glen,
Far from the haunts of toiling, anxious men.

SONNET III.

He doth not weave his lay the great to praise,
But turns him to the dwellings of the poor,
Where bide the simple, o'er the lonely moor,
In quiet nooks, and shady dells, doth raise
His tender songs—in chaste, but homely phrase.
There where the porch doth guard the cottage door,
Shadow'd with roses o'er its whole contour,
He shelter'd sits from the fierce noontide blaze:
With untaught folk, doth wisdom's words exchange,
His kindly thoughts do answ'ring thoughts beget.
Rejoiceth he, in this his woodland range,
That they in these deep solitudes have met.
Small things he thus—observant—looketh o'er—
Then sings—as man hath never sung before.

SONNET IV.

TIME, that a wreck doth make of ev'ry thing,
Hath set its strongest marks upon his face ;
Years, in their flight, have past with gentle pace,
Leaving those signs which to the old do cling :
The hoary head, and holy thoughts, which bring
Into the ways of righteousness. The trace
Of inward peace, and Heaven's helping grace,
And power destroy'd in that last mortal sting,
Which soon, how soon ! must come, when he shall pass
From those dear scenes which he hath strewn with light,
The light of glowing song, which then, alas !
Will silent be when he hath ta'en his flight.
Then Nature, strew thy flowers upon his grave,
For unto thee how rich the songs he gave !

STANZAS

FOR THE NIGHT.

I.

DARK night in its mantle hath wrapt me all round,
And the turbulent world is gone still;
There is nought that I hear but the soft sighing sound,
Of the winds, which my waking ears fill.

II.

I catch the lone sound, as I slumbering lie,
And I feel while its murmurs I hear,
As if angels were singing their song in the sky,
And that earth was repeating it here.

III.

Oh! wake not my thoughts with this melody deep,
Nor return me the things that are gone,
If visions arise, let them come in my sleep,
On those wings on which from me they've flown.

IV.

Rest, memory rest—or be busy in dreams
With the forms that I once lov'd so well,
Luxuriate them in their own brightest gleams,
And the story of childhood re-tell.

V.

I woo thee, deep sleep—oh ! grant me the boon,
And these eyes with thine opiates close,
Whilst this moaning sound fallson night's thickest gloom,
Let me sink into quiet repose.

O D E

TO THE SEA.

I.

HAIL ! to the sea ! by fancy led,
Come see the teeming main,
Where ever swelling floods are spread,
A boundless wat'ry plain ;
O'er which the daily sun hath past,
And shall while passing time shall last,
Till his bright lustre fades,
And which the gentle queen of night,
Hath tempted with her silver light,
To follow where she leads.

II.

Ye waters vast, what anguish'd thought
Is rais'd within the soul,
When on your breast by tempest caught
We feel your awful roll.
Or when again you peaceful rest,
By no contending winds oppress,
Still slumb'ring through the night,
How calm we float, no fear we own,
Keep watch till gloomy night is flown,
Then hail the coming light.

III.

Oh! who shall say what wond'rous things
The sea hath in her womb ;
Or who shall search her hidden springs,
Her darkest, deepest gloom,
Where sinking far, far down below,
The streaming light did never go,
To pierce her utmost caves,
Haunts of a thousand things unknown,
Dwelling in shoals, or all alone,
How far below the waves.

IV.

Those waves are but the sport of wind,
Wild sweeping o'er thy breast,
When raging on by nought confin'd,
They curl each soaring crest,
Upward they go to meet the cloud,
They fall again—they roar aloud—
They hiss in briny foam,
Against the iron rocks they break,
Ascend in floods their utmost peak,
Then seaward fall to roam.

V.

But in thy regions, dark and low,
Beneath the tempest field,
Deeper than plummet's line can go,
The wild commotions yield,
And all stands still, as molten glass,
Save when the roaming whale doth pass
Along his devious way,
Or when a shoal of meaner things,
Flit past, impell'd by wat'ry wings,
In sportive action play.

VI.

Upon thy floor what things are seen,
What beauteous shells, what stones,
And mingled with thy seaweeds green,
Lie mould'ring human bones,
Skulls, that have once been big with thought,
And eyes, that once—ah ! once, were fraught
With beams of living light,
O'er which the golden hair hath play'd,
O'er which a mother oft hath pray'd,
And blest the cherish'd sight.

VII.

Far in the north, where piercing cold
And biting frosts assail,
Stands all alone the headland bold,
Swept by the passing gale.
There in their chains thy floods are fast,
And firm beneath the sweeping blast
The icy mountain lies ;
Around its base the white bear prowls,
Or on some cliff he stands and howls,
Mocking the seamew's cries.

VIII.

Again, where lie thy golden sands,
In some sequester'd bay,
A nook in far off sunny lands,
Bright in the beamy day.
Oh ! there to catch the falling sound
Of dying waves, while all around
The tropic trees incline,
Rich things of earth above them flit,
Or on the pendant branches sit,
In plumage—how divine !

IX.

Ah ! once again, thy waves at rest,
Each breath of wind gone still ;
The nautilus upon thy breast,
In vain its sail would fill.
A barque is seen—her far off sail,
Forsaken by the sleeping gale,
Is white upon the view ;
No cloud is seen—how still the scene,
Blue sky and sea alone are seen,
'Tis blue, intensely blue.

X.

Oh grand ! oh vast ! most wonderful—
Tremendous in thy might,
Or wrapt in clouds with thunder full,
Or scath'd with lightning bright,
Alike to us in calm or storm,
Thou charmest still in ev'ry form,
Art aye with glory fraught ;
Again we say, All hail to thee,
Thou semblance of eternity,
Surpassing human thought.

XI.

Should e'er again my footsteps fall,
On thy enchanting side,
Lone wand'ring on at fancy's call,
To watch thy flowing tide ;
Or should I vent'rous launch my boat,
Upon thy heaving breast to float,
Do thou propitious be,
Whilst no rude thoughts oppress my heart,
In mercy play thy meeker part,
And gently move with me.

STANZAS

ON A LATE SPRING.

I.

'Tis May, and yet I scarce have seen
One single flower blooming,
While winter holds the summer's sheen
Within its darkest glooming ;
These dark, dark clouds that hang above,
The heavens all concealing,
Would that some sweeping wind would move,
The glorious sun revealing.

II.

The breeze that comes with creeping pace,
Fresh from the northern ocean,
Wraps coldly round one's chilly face,
With petrifying motion ;
The heart within one scarcely beats,
With love, or joy, or gladness,
For nature now performs her feats
With melancholy sadness.

III.

In icy chains the silent brook
Hath still'd its frozen water,
The robin casts a wishful look,
In hopes to see it alter ;
He longs beside the little stream
To do his morning tiolet,
To wash beneath the morning's beam,
To dress beside the violet.

IV.

With drooping ears the patient ass,
Stands quiet ruminating,
He watches for the springing grass,
Its first green blades awaiting,
By hope beguiled he silent stands,
Beneath the thick leav'd holly,
Keen hunger's call, desire expands,
Alas ! what hopeless folly.

V.

Around no sound of gladness comes,
To cheer the flying moment,
All living creatures keep their homes,
Nor ask a passing comment ;
Oh ! let me hear the little birds
Sing their own songs so mellow,
Oh ! let me hear the wand'ring herds
Upon the mountains bellow.

VI.

I would again that time would hie,
When things so lov'd appearing,
Should wake the heart through nature's eye,
With sights and sounds careering ;
Her glory crowning all the plain,
And rich in flowers each valley,
That casting off stern winter's chains,
She in her strength would rally.

THE PARROT.

I.

From sunny lands beyond the sea,
Where many beauteous things there be,
Came Poll to Britain's shore,
In prison strong, 'gainst nature's law,
She pass'd the mighty main, and saw
Her own wild woods no more,
The glowing sunbeams, unconfin'd,
In which she fled, were left behind.

II.

How gaily green her shining vest,
Her wings with crimson tipt and drest,
Her eyes were burnish'd gold,
With azure blue was mix'd the green,
Glowing her feather'd robes between,
Oh ! lovely to behold.
Ah me ! the splendour nature gave
Could only make poor Poll a slave.

III.

To market brought, she soon chang'd hands,
Again departs for other lands,
Her new made home to find,
A little country town receives
The treasur'd prize, how glad she leaves
The ship and port behind ;
Arrived and plac'd within her cage,
She screams betimes, betimes looks sage.

IV.

If studious care could joyous make
The wretch in prison strong, or take
The sting from that alloy,
How happy then our Poll had been,
For ev'ry care she had I ween,
That bird could e'er enjoy,
Soft soothing words, caresses sweet,
And all things kind her instincts greet.

V.

But what avails such kindness shown,
To one who in the woods had flown,
And wash'd in flowing streams ;
She heard the wind, a sound she knew,
She watch'd the clouds, that as they flew
Unmask'd the sun's bright beams :
'Twas then she shook her wings in pain,
And wish'd for her wild woods again.

VI.

One glowing morn, the gentle wind
Was leaving all things far behind,
So fast away it flew,
O'er hills it pass'd it joyous sped,
It brush'd the bosom of the mead,
And swept away the dew,
And oh ! thought Poll, on this bright day
To spread my wings and fly away !

VII.

The garden walk with Poll was grac'd,
Upon a stool her cage was plac'd,
And she was left alone ;
Her curious eye she upward turn'd,
With inward joy her bosom burn'd,
Away she would be gone ;
She tries her prison bars all round,
She pulls—the cage falls on the ground.

VIII.

The fall effected Poll's desire,
Wide open flew the door of wire,
And she walk'd on the ground,
Not much affected by her fall,
She mounted on the garden wall,
And cast her eyes around ;
Then shook her wing, a time or two,
And upward through the air she flew.

IX.

O'er houses high away she steers,
Bright hope is her's, have done with fears,
She scorns the chimney smoke ;
When left the town, the fields are found,
And there upon a rising ground
She lights within an oak,
And, unsuspecting fortune's guile,
She clos'd her wings to rest awhile.

X.

It happen'd on that fatal day,
A worthless fellow pass'd that way,
A poacher with his gun ;
Such things with us are seldom seen,
His eye soon caught the shining green,
Bright glitt'ring in the sun !
Up went the gun, and hark the sound,
Poor Poll lies lifeless on the ground.

XI.

The sage who wrote this story says,
Seek wisdom and her hidden ways,
In all you read or hear :
Should e'er misfortune be your lot,
Still suffer on the self-same spot,
And neither fly nor fear ;
For if you fly when you're in trouble,
You're sure to make misfortune double.

XII.

Another moral too we glean,
From what of thoughtless Poll we've seen,
And her poor silly ways,
And let this well remember'd be,
By thoughtless you, and heedless me,
Through our remaining days :
When joy is our's, and thoughts run high,
That death is ever standing by.

IDYLLIUM

ON THE FOXGLOVE.

In the May morn of life, as I rambled among
The moss cover'd mountains and vales,
Oh! I listen'd entranc'd to the woodlark's soft song,
As he gave his wild notes to the gales.

In a nook, far remov'd from the world's passing gaze
A wild flower attracted my view,
Overshadow'd by trees, half conceal'd in a maze,
Surrounded with sweetness it grew.

In the bland hours of spring it arose from its bed,
The summer shone bright on its pride,
Then how rich were the blossoms that hung round its head,
Yet all those bright blossoms have died.

And ah! such, said I then, will my destiny be,
For unknown unto all, I shall perish like thee.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR A HERMITAGE.

I.

COME, stranger, come, and seek for Peace
Within this lonely cell,
For here, with mildly beaming face,
The lovely maid doth dwell ;
Caldest quiet e'er enjoying,
Gain'd by from the vain world flying.

II.

Stranger, shun the world's wild folly,
Its envy, scorn, and strife,
And with me and melancholy
Here lead a happy life ;
The world and all its pains forgot,
And thou by it remember'd not.

III.

Does glory court thee, stranger ? fly
 From its alluring wiles,
 For they who seek it oft-times die
 When basking in its smiles.
 Ah ! what avails a laurell'd brow,
 If steep'd in death, the head lies low !

IV.

Has love, with wanton witching voice,
 Seiz'd on thy youthful heart ;
 Hast thou an angel for thy choice,
 From whom thou couldst not part ?
 Yet learn thou, stranger, it must be
 That death shall part thy love and thee.

V.

Dost thou enjoy the rich man's smiles,
 His kind regards all thine ?
 Beware—for this oft-times beguiles,
 And leaves the wretch to pine.
 How oft must we our hopes forego,
 'Neath disappointment's cruel blow !

VI.

Has sorrow press'd thee to the earth,
And fill'd thy heart with woe;
Do lamentations issue forth,
And bitter tears fast flow?
Then here sure comfort thou mayst find
From him who ever is most kind.

VII.

'Tis here religion charms the soul,
And calms the troubled mind,
Unerring points the distant goal,
Where mortals peace may find,
No more enduring mortal strife,
When quit the heavy load of life.

VIII.

Wouldst thou have music's melting sound,
To cheer thine heavy heart?
Where could such tender strains be found,
As those which daily start
From this lone grove, that round thee lies,
Where ev'ry bird its talent tries?

IX.

Stranger, if study be thy choice,
Then fly not hence away,
Where nature speaks with gracious voice,
But here for ever stay,
Where the great volume open lies,
With knowledge full to meet thine eyes.

X.

When night in silence reigns around,
Read then the starry sky,
And when no more the stars are found,
Thine other studies ply.
The soaring trees, the flower'd field,
Will food for contemplation yield.

XI.

Then live thou here in peace with me,
And quit thy wand'ring road,
And oh ! most happy shalt thou be,
In this retir'd abode ;
Enjoying pleasures to thee given,
And treading still the path to heaven.

STANZAS

ON AN EVENING RAMBLE.



I.

THE day is departing in silence away,
Beyond the green hills that encircle the west,
While enshrouded in clouds, the bright god of day
Has sunk in the bosom of ocean to rest ;
And, hark ! in the meadows so soft and so low,
The first gentle sound of the pheasant cock's crow.

II.

And now in the gloom of the fast coming night,
I ramble alone these wild woodlands among,
I catch the last glimpse of the fast fading light,
Shut out, and away from the world's busy throng.
Again, in the valley that lies down below,
I catch the lone sound of the pheasant cock's crow.

III.

Through the night's dark'ning veil, at a distance I see,
The cottager's taper shine bright through the gloom,
The inmates are come, from their labour set free,
And cheerfulness reigns in their neat little room ;
And, hark ! in the distance so faint and so low,
Another lone sound of the pheasant cock's crow.

IV.

I gain the hill's brow, and I sit on the stile,
I pause midst the silence that reigns all around,
My own quiet thoughts, the still moments beguile,
While list'ning again for that now distant sound,
In the hush—once again—how faint and how low,
The far distant sound of the pheasant cock's crow.

V.

On foot once again, from the hill I walk down,
To visit once more the bright region of light,
I gain the wide street of the late distant town,
And leave far behind me the dark gloomy night,
No more in the meadows, so softly and low,
I hear the lone sound of the pheasant cock's crow.

SONG
OF THE ISRAELITE.

I.

THE harp of Judah silent lies,
Its sounds are heard no more,
The hand that swept its golden strings
Have ceas'd to run them o'er.

II.

The unbeliever walks abroad,
On Zion's holy hill,
And frowns upon God's chosen race,
When they his courts would fill.

III.

The beauteous plains, which once we trod,
Are now forsaken all,
The wand'ring Arab's foot alone
Doth on their wild flow'rs fall.

IV.

O'er Canaan's plains, forsaken now,
When will the Lord arise ;
Or when the dew of Hermon fall
From his benignant skies ?

V.

Comfort again thy chosen race,
As thou wast wont of old ;
Pen once again thine own dear flock,
Within thy sacred fold.

VI.

Hear the lone plaint we make to thee,
Oh ! hear thy people's moan ;
Bring us once more from distant lands,
Make us again thine own.

STANZASON MOONLIGHT.

I.

THE falling shades of eve are past,
The night hath gain'd her noon,
The fringed clouds slow flitting past,
Unveil the silver moon ;
The waters blue reflect her light,
Queen of the silent solemn night.

II.

How sweetly silence sleeps around,
O'er all the midnight scene,
How soft the light that gems the ground,
How tender—how serene ;
The sleeping flowers forget to blow,
The gentle waters cease to flow.

III.

But, hark ! a sound ascending mild,
Above yon soaring peak,
What raptur'd thoughts are waking wild ?
What thrilling accents speak ?
I hear each falling, dying note,
Along the sleeping waters float.

IV.

Sing, gentle bird, thy lonely strain,
Sing to the shining moon,
Hail the bright stars—hail once again,
With thy enchanting tune,
Wake, sleeping echo, in her cave,
To join thee o'er the rippling wave.

V.

Alone—alone, I thus would be,
Amid this glowing light,
Nought would I hear but only thee,
Hymning the praise of night!
Oh yes—I hear thy plaintive moan,
And feel I am with thee alone.

STANZAS

ON THE RIVER MANIFOLD.

I.

AH, who hath seen the lily pale
In secret where it lies,
Or yellow primrose meet the gale,
'Neath morning's opening skies;
Such as in quiet meekness lie,
Where seldom roams the curious eye,
Shelter'd by rocks so grey and old,
Upon the banks of Manifold.

II.

And who hath seen the waters clear,
From mountain heights descend,
Making rich music to the ear,
As down their course they wend ;
Onward through rocks they murmuring go,
They gather strength while fast they flow,
Such are the waters, clear and cold,
That fill thy stream, bright Manifold.

III.

Oh ! lowly stream, hath no one seen
Thy quiet waters flowing,
Thy sloping banks of velvet green,
And all thy wild flowers blowing ;
No bard hath on thee cast an eye,
Unknowing all have past thee by,
But now thy beauty shall be told,
Mine own unthought of Manifold.

IV.

Yet deem not thou, retiréd stream,
That modesty can shame,
If near unseen thy waters gleam,
It is not thee I blame.
I've seen a little cottage dress'd,
In ivy green, it's porch of rest
Besprent with brightest morning gold,
Pass'd by like thee, lone Manifold.

V.

How many things that near us lie,
To us are all unseen,
Though steep'd in nature's richest dye,
Wrapp'd in her brightest sheen,
What riches deck the mountain's sides,
What charms the lowly valley hides,
What passing forms from nature's mould,
Unseen like thee, chaste Manifold.

VI.

And thou hast been, through countless years,
In thy retiredness,
Thy flowing stream, like falling tears,
Thy sounds, like lone distress,
And oft when wintry clouds did low'r,
And thou wer't swoll'n beneath their show'r,
'Twas thine with angry voice to scold,
Adown thy bed, rude Manifold.

VII.

Flow on, dear stream, till time's last day.
Thy lone retirement keep,
Till time itself shall pass away,
And all creation sleep.
Lost in eternity's vast round,
Thy place will then no more be found ;
Another stream shall I behold,
More bright than thee, dear Manifold.

STANZAS.

"THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE."

I.

We shall walk in our garments of white,
When we've pass'd to the regions on high,
We shall move in the heavenly light,
On the star-spangled plains of the sky.

II.

Not a thought—not a wish cast behind,
To the portals of heaven we come ;
What a gush of delight when we find
That our Father doth welcome us home.

III.

We shall stand in our meekness, nor raise
Our weak eyes to look up to his throne,
But our voices his mercy shall praise,
And his goodness for ever shall own.

IV.

We shall hear the loud sound of the song,
That is peal'd through the courts of—I AM !
And shall mingle our voices among,
To the praise of our God and the Lamb.

V.

Even so, Father—so let it be—
Bring us all to thy mansions above ;
And then, whilst thy perfections we see,
We will worship the Father we love !

STANZAS.

I.

I LOVE the sounding waterfall,
I love its simple tune,
Not winter's foaming angry brawl,
But such, as when in June,
It falls adown with gentle pace,
And makes a sleepy sound,
When, as it runs its little race
We just can hear it bound.

M

II.

I love the sadly moaning wind,
That sighs among the leaves,
And all the workings of the mind,
That lonely sighing weaves.
I love to sit in thoughtful mood,
Where bluebells bloom me round,
Against an oak, whose base so rude,
With ivy wreaths is bound.

III.

And then I love the bard's wild song,
To charm the hours away,
To roam his sunlit sounds among,
And feel his mind's rich play.
Thus transc'd with things that he hath wrought,
While winds and waters sing,
To soar away past human thought,
On fancy's golden wing.

MOUNTAIN LIBERTY.

I.

SAY, where hath Freedom made her home,
 In what retiréd dell?
 To her seclusion I would come,
 In quietude to dwell.
 Away among the mountains high,
 'Tis said that she did flee,
 Then let me to those mountains fly,
 For there I shall be free.

II.

Fair Freedom loves on mountain height
 To sound the hunter's horn,
 Among the misty clouds' dim light
 To wake the early dawn.
 And there with mild rejoicing cry,
 She holds her jubilee;
 Then let me to those mountains fly,
 For there I shall be free.

III.

In Switzerland, so long preferr'd,
Where sounds the whelming crash,
Of falling snow—that sound hath heard,
The lonely Ran de Vache.
And on those hills, with laughing eye,
Hath chas'd the singing bee ;
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

IV.

On Scotia's hills of faintest blue,
And on their heathy side,
Hath bar'd her arm the whole land through,
Her vest in crimson dyed.
And thus, while sweeping wide and high,
Hath seal'd her own decree.
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

V.

I would not dwell with slavish folk,
Who form the common crowd,
But rather on the lone hills walk,
Where sing the wild winds loud.
I love on mountain heights to lie,
And boundless prospects see ;
Then let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

VI.

I would not wear a monarch's chains,
Though they were wrought of gold ;
I would not clutch his slavish gains,
For independence sold.
With simple men I'd rather hie,
And share their liberty ;
Then let me to the mountains fly,
For then I shall be free.

VII.

Ah ! deck me not in splendid guise,
I scorn all rich array,
An unpresuming state I prize,
A lowly simple way.
Uncounted riches cannot buy,
The things so dear to me ;
Then let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

VIII.

The trophy spoils that war doth bring,
The glory of the sword ;
And, that far more deceitful thing,
The statesman's wily word ;
I heed them not—I pass them by—
I would not turn to see,
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

IX.

There I shall feel the flowing wind,
Dear nature's breath divine,
Beneath a shelt'ring rock reclin'd,
Beside the waving pine,
There watch the bright clouds sailing high,
Through heaven's concave flee ;
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

X.

If desert wilds are round me spread,
When those retreats I gain ;
If lonely are the paths I tread,
In that far off domain,
Yet Freedom's form shall certify,
That there is peace for me.
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

XI.

Ascending up those glens so rude,
How willing shall I come,
How joy in that lone solitude,
Where Freedom keeps her home.
Those distant peaks I dim descry—
So dim—I scarce can see.
Oh ! let me to those mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

XII.

And there to list each whelming sound,
That 'mid the rude rocks ring ;
To view the woodland creature's bound,
To hear the wild birds sing ;
To ken the eagle soaring high,
Through cloudless skies to flee ;
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

XIII.

To watch the tempest's broken light,
When storms are rolling past ;
To view the silver stream of night,
Upon the wild woods cast ;
To see the sun wide ope his eye,
When morning wakes in glee ;
Oh ! let me to the mountains fly,
For there I shall be free.

XIV.

Chaste fancy, lend thy streaming wings,
I'd form a home of bliss,
And deck it richly with those things
The worldly minded miss,
Where I may meet fair Freedom's eye,
And to her bend the knee,
When to the mountains I shall fly,
And feel that I am free.

TO
MY SNUFF BOX.

I.

DEAR, silent, kind, complying friend of mine,
That hast been with me through so many years,
The pleasure which I feel, I can't define,
When from thy covert snug thy form appears ;
Small though thou art, thy power is great,
Who can behold thee, and not feel elate ?

II.

Ah ! well does mem'ry give me back the time,
Ere I had known, or seen thy simple form,
When but to think on thee, had been a crime,
Or clutching such an one would raise a storm
Of cuffs, or chidings, which would scarce know end,
Yet now thou art mine own familiar friend.

III.

In those gone days, which mem'ry lets me see,
When that I was a little silly child,
My grandam had a thing like unto thee,
The sight of which would almost make me wild,
With thoughts, and hopes, I daréd not divulge,
That she with its possession would indulge

IV.

Me, who stood looking at her, poor old soul !
While she indulgent was to her old nose,
Then, if good humour'd, she'd a trifle dole,
Which set me sneezing, as one might suppose ;
And oh ! what pleasure 'twas the dust to quaff,
Grandam was pleas'd, did hold her sides and laugh.

V.

But years pass'd on, and then I met with thee,
Into my pouch I put, and call'd thee friend,
And so thou hast been, while long years did flee,
So mayst thou be, till time with me shall end.
'Tis almost forty years that we together,
Have kept our way, through fair or stormy weather.

VI.

I cannot speak the comfort I have had,
In thy society, thou best of chums,
Thou hast been with me, when that I was sad,
And yielded to the pressure of my thumbs,
And fingers too, and lent thy dusty store,
Until I had enough, nor wish'd for more.

VII.

Oh ! those long years, how many things have past,
While I have toil'd their days and weeks all thro' ;
Sometimes they linger'd, and sometimes sped fast,
Yet, quick or slow, away they always flew,
But thou, thou hast been with me all the while,
And, as they pass'd, didst every hour beguile.

VIII.

I've been upon the bosom of the deep,
Felt anxious dread, amounting nigh to fear,
E'en while the wat'ry main was fast asleep,
And nought of danger seem'd to be me near,
Then thou, dear soother, thou wert at my side,
Didst grant thine aid, whenever I applied.

IX.

And thou hast travell'd with me many a mile,
Which I have pass'd when sadly weary worn,
Hast my companion been, when on a stile
I've sat, to breathe the perfume of the morn,
There, while the glowing sun led on the day,
Hast help'd me muse the lingering hours away.

X.

I've sat with thee in eve's delicious hour,
In ruminating mood, beside the fire,
So lost in thought, I had but just the power,
To watch the blaze expand, and then expire ;
Whose was the charm ? 'twas thine, thou little pet,
To give a calm, I cannot yet forget.

XI.

'Tis said the land with perfume is enshrin'd,
That flowers are strewn, where'er the feet have prest,
That odours bland, do wanton on the wind,
In that far land of "Araby the blest ;"
There let them bloom, there shed rich perfume, still
Thine is the scent, with which my nose I'd fill.

XII.

They speak of gardens rich, in India's clime,
Where clust'ring roses hang about the bowers,
And sweet the Bul-bul sings its song sublime,
Waking with music all the starry hours ;
But what are India's sounds, or scents to me !
I have a nearer charm, that charm is thee.

XIII.

Ah ! there are men who love a sounding name,
Are fond of sceptres, crowns, and such like things,
Who sacrifice all things to empty fame,
Then groan beneath the heavy chains it brings ;
I do protest, that for a gilded throne,
I would not part with thee, my best, my own.

XIV.

I trust that through the years that yet remain,
Thou wilt be found in quiet by my side,
Then, they that will, may strive great things to gain,
I heed them not, their pomp, their state, their pride,
But I to thee will stick, will never flinch,
Open thy lid at will, and take a pinch.

XV.

The wise ones of this world, have careful sought,
To find that stone which turneth all to gold,
What painful toiling to the search they brought,
What wasted years, till youth itself grew old ;
Fools that they were, they should have come to me,
And I exulting, would have show'd them thee.

XVI.

Gold ! 'tis the moping miser's midnight care,
The canker of all things this world contains,
Unlike to thee, which all mankind may share,
A general soother thou of mortal pains ;
I pity those who do not know thy worth,
Thou greatest comfort left to man on earth.

XVII.

I will not say to thee, dear chum, farewell,
I trust the time for that will never come ;
When I go forth, do thou my pocket swell,
And when returning, travel with me home :
A time will come, 'tis true, when part we must,
Till then, indulge me with thy charming dust.

SONG.

I.

It was morn, and the beautiful sun,
Had come forth to illumine the world,
Where the trumpet of war had begun
To sound, while the flag was unfurl'd,
As the warrior past by,
His white plume was streaming aloft in the sky.

II.

It was eve, and the battle was o'er,
It had past with its conflict away,
But the white plume was cover'd with gore,
Where the warrior in silence then lay.
Oh ! how calm, and how still,
He heard not the wolf howling wild on the hill.

III.

When the morning again meekly shone,
To enlighten the valley's rich green,
There the warrior's white bones were all strewn,
On the spot where the battle had been ;
And the soil'd plume was there,
But the wolf was gone still and asleep in his lair.

MADRIGAL.

I.

I HAVE watch'd for my love on this spot,
Since the sun in the heavens shone bright,
She hath surely her promise forgot,
'Twas to come with the shadows of night,
Ere the dews should arise, or the light should be gone,
She did say, she would come and be with me alone.

II.

I have kept the extent of my word,
I was here in the glare of the day,
And expecting, I never have stirr'd,
While the light has pass'd slowly away ;
The birds are now silent, to their coverts are flown,
But I fly not—alas ! I sit watching alone.

III.

But perhaps she will come when the moon
Shall have shed her faint light on the world,
I will patiently wait, 'twill be soon,
For already the clouds are unfurl'd.
See! they break, and disperse, where the bright stars are
And I watch their appearing, but still am alone. [sown,

IV.

Ah ! she comes not, and hope seems to die
In this heart, where its harbour hath been !
I have watch'd the bright moon sail on high,
And eclipse all the stars in her sheen.
See ! how queenly she sits on her high azure throne,
I rejoice in her light, but rejoice all alone.

MADRIGAL.

I.

SHE sat within the hall at night,
When music's tones were sounding,
Repos'd in that soft tender light,
Through which light feet were bounding,
And, while her eyes roam'd round to see,
Her mind was still, her heart was free.

II.

But there was one came flitting past,
Ah! wherefore was she eyeing?
And ever, as again he past,
What meant that stifled sighing?
With honeyed thoughts her mind 'gan fill,
Her heart beat wild, 'twould not be still.

III.

She drank rich draughts, she knew not why,
Of deep delicious thinking,
And still she follow'd with her eye,
While in her heart was sinking
A feeling strong, which there would stay,
Ah ! never more to pass away.

MADRIGAL.

I.

THOU art cold as a garment of snow,
Which doth robe all the mountains in white,
When the rude winter's tempest doth blow,
Through the dark lonely hours of the night ;
Thou art cold, love, oh ! press that dear bosom of thine,
To be warm'd in the fire which is burning in mine.

II.

Thou art silent, I hear not a sound,
While I watch the faint play of thy breath,
Save a sigh, from its deepness profound,
Thou art still as the mansions of death :
Do but utter one word, in thine accents divine,
If 'tis only to silence these fond words of mine.

III.

Thou hast closéd those inlets of sight,
Thou hast shut up the light of the day,
Nought remains but the darkness of night,
Now their flashes have ceas'd them to play,
Ah ! then, open those lids, let their radiance shine,
And drink in the bright beams that are flashing from mine.

IV.

Oh ! be warm'd in the depth of my soul,
Be at rest in the folds of my heart,
Its wild beatings, its workings control,
'Tis thy throne, from which never depart.
All the depths of its feelings, its passions are thine,
Ay, and thou in thy coldness and stillness art mine.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

I.

YOUNG childhood's eyes are wet with tears,
That down his cheeks are streaming,
A moment hence, that face appears
With smiles of pleasure beaming ;
Around his open, joyous brow,
His golden locks are curling,
The laugh, the shout, the scream avow,
On pleasure's path he's whirling,
He sports through all the sunny hours,
Then sleeps upon a bank of flowers.

II.

Youth casts wild glances from his eyes,
On all the forms of gladness,
Through laughing scenes he gladly hies,
But turns away from sadness ;
He shakes with glee each glossy curl
That o'er his brow is waving,
On pleasure's path doth wildly twirl,
Its deepest stream is laving,
His way of life with flowers he strews,
With silken dreams and soft repose.

III.

And manhood's eyes, that beam with light,
Which seem o'er all extending,
Do stretch, as with an eagle's flight,
O'er things which know no ending;
And yet those curls, so bland ere now,
Those hairs with white are mixing,
While time upon that open brow
Its furrow'd mark is fixing;
And care doth come to dress the bed,
Where manhood lays its weary head.

IV.

The eyes of age, grown dim with thought,
With weariness seem closing;
And while the mind with care is fraught,
The heart would be reposing.
Those few grey hairs, that faintly shade
That brow whereon they're lying,
Those failing powers, that slowly fade,
Are weak'ning, sleeping, dying.
Then time takes back the things it gave,
He sinks, where rests he—in the grave.

S O N G
OF THE
PILGRIMS TO THE VIRGIN.

I.

HAIL ! mother of Jesus—hail ! queen of the land,
Where firm is the keel of our ship on the strand,
Behold ! we have come from cold realms of the north,
Confiding in thee, we have boldly set forth,
O'er far away seas, we have pass'd through the brine,
Our feet rest at last in this blest Palestine.

II.

And long through the desert, we've kept on our way,
Where no trace on the sands of human foot lay ;
Yet still thou hast watch'd while the fierce sun hath shone,
And guarded us, aye, where thick dangers were strewn ;
Still round us thy mantle of confidence twine,
While slow we move on, through this blest Palestine.

III.

Wild creatures are round us, we tremble with fear,
The robber is roaming around with his spear ;
The panther leaps wild, o'er the rocks, on the hills,
The gloom of the woods with his roaring he fills.
To whom shall we look, if thou wilt not incline
To watch o'er our path in this blest Palestine ?

IV.

The bright sun hath past in its glory away,
And the twilight, ah ! where is its shadowy play ?
The star of the evening sinks down on the hill,
The moon keeps her state, serenely and still :
While the cool breeze of night doth sigh thro' the pine,
That waves on the hills of this blest Palestine.

V.

The blue vault of heaven is fill'd with the sheen
The moon sheds around where the faint stars are seen,
A silvery film o'er the mountains is strew'd,
A torrent of light doth beam down on our road ;
How faint in the vault, doth the milky-way shine,
That vault, oh ! how still, o'er this blest Palestine.

VI.

When we walk on the shores of the deep Dead sea,
Where the cities lie drown'd, we'll think upon thee ;
Oh ! then should the Arab, that wild son of war,
Rush out from the lonely retreats of El Ghor,
When whelm'd with such fears as no tongue can define,
We trust thou wilt save us in thy Palestine.

VII.

Oh ! lead us o'er hills of enchantment to see,
The sea of Tiberias—bright Galilee :
Where once o'er the waves, in the gloom of the night,
Thy blessed Son pass'd, like a soft beam of light ;
Then, hush'd were the winds, by his presence divine,
And still'd were the waves in this blest Palestine.

VIII.

Oh ! show us the place where that sweet flower grows,
In the beautiful bloom of Sharon's wild rose,
That vineyard, Engedi, for Solomon drest,
Where his spouse plac'd the myrrh, how sweet, on her
Where Gilead's balm doth the lily entwine, [breast,
In this beautiful land—this blest Palestine.

IX.

Wilt thou show us those mountains, lifted so high,
Where Lebanon pierces the clouds in the sky,
Where the wild eagle screams, and cedars are spread,
Or burns the bright sun, upon Hermon's lone head,
Or Carmel's high summit doth glorious shine,
Above all the hills of this blest Palestine. .

X.

Ah ! lead us to Bethlehem, lead us to see,
The place where the wise ones once look'd upon thee ;
Then show us Jerusalem, comfort afford,
And help us to pray at the tomb of our Lord !
Oh ! guide to the grave of that dear Son of thine,
And thee we will praise in this blest Palestine.

XI.

Oh ! mother of heaven—oh ! queen of the skies,
Pour down on thy creatures the beams of thine eyes,
Those beamings expressive, that speak but of love,
As tender, as gentle, as those of the dove ;
We watch 'mong the stars for those beamings divine,
To fall on our path in this blest Palestine.

N

XII.

We will pray at thy shrine, will rest at thy feet,
With songs and with praises thy name we will greet ;
Our souls are athirst for the power of thy grace,
Send down an abundance, while slowly we trace
Our path through this land of the olive and vine,
'Tis thine own dearest land—this blest Palestine.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

I.

HAIL, beautiful visions,—all hail, wondrous things,
That rejoice in the soft beaming light,
Which are prone on the earth, or flitting on wings,
Or are dancing in joy in our sight ;
All the things of this world, in beauty bedight,
Simplicity's children, so mild,
That dwell in your solitudes wild,
Ye lowly in meekness, that still have the power
To awaken the muse, at rest in her bower.

II.

Gems, that come with the spring, to open the year,
And to brighten the world with your sheen,
When the sun doth shine bright, the heavens are clear,
And the fields in a mantle of green ;
How rich is that mantle, how gorgeously seen,
How bright is the butter-cup's gold,
Though pale looks the primrose, and cold,
While the red apple's bloom looks flaunty and gay,
And the hedges are sprent with white blooming May.

III.

Then the lark sings his song, his matin of joy,
'Tis his wont, since that time first begun,
See him flutter his wings in the clear blue sky,
See him bathe in the light of the sun.
And listen that pipe through its clear numbers run,
He sings, as he rises in light,
Till he fades, and dies on our sight ;
Then the blackbird takes up his song in the thorn,
And wakens the echos in evening and morn.

IV.

Ah ! look up, and behold the blue vault above,
With its clouds of rich amber and gold,
How they ride on the wind, how sleepily move,
And they change, as they pass, ev'ry fold ;

Through the rents see the sun look cheery and bold,
There is one that is dark, doth lower,
It is big with an April shower,
Which it scatters adown on its fruitful way,
Where the flowers rejoice in the beaming day.

V.

There's a cottage alone, in a winding lane,
Which doth seem, as shut out from the world,
And there, when the freshness of spring doth reign,
And the leaves, with faint dew-drops are pearl'd,
Then the children come forth, and the ball is hurl'd—
Ah! then how they merrily play,
Their young joyous moments away,
The school is forgot, the book, and the rod,
Yet of such, 'tis said, is the kingdom of God.

VI.

There is one with mild looks, a face that is fair,
Who hath plac'd the wild thyme on her breast,
While another hath mix'd white May with her hair,
And a third in fresh cowslips is drest;
How rich the perfume, when the violet is prest,
The daisies, how thick on the green,
Where laughing, those young ones are seen.
Ah! innocence, happiness, childhood and flowers,
Why die ye—why fly ye—why vanish your hours?

VII.

There's a glen of delight, that is far away,
Which doth seem but for solitude made,
And 'tis there the white birch, with its weeping spray,
Hangs adown o'er the beautiful glade ;
Where primroses, bestrewn, have a carpet made,
Of colour, 'tween silver and gold,
In beauty, that cannot be told,
Where the violet is hid by the old trees' roots,
And the foxglove puts forth its first tender shoots.

VIII.

In the close woven shade of the hazel bush,
There is one that doth pipe all alone,
Hark ! the sweet warbling sound of the singing thrush,
How he wakens the woods with his tone ;
Ever lov'd is that sound—so common, so known,
That hath been since the world begun,
And will last till old time is done ;
Ah ! the cuckoo is come, with his woodland call,
Which he sings to the sound of the waters' fall.

IX.

Up in the hedge-row high, see the huge beech tree,
Wide spreading its branches all round,
And soft through those branches, the breezes do flee,
While they shadow where cowslips abound.

And the dark bluebells in their beauty are found,
What delight, all these things among,
'Tis a spot worth the bard's best song.
Here the fairies might dance thro' the summer's night,
While the moon shed upon them her silver light.

X.

What a spot to retire when one's weary worn,
What a place for the children of men,
Here to come in their glee, they, the lowly born,
So remote from the world's busy ken,
Here to sport them and play in their flow'ry den,
And to hear, as the winds pass by,
In the boughs, their soft moaning sigh ;
On earth, there is nothing so beautiful seen,
As young children at play on a flow'ry green.

XI.

Young children are flowers, the spring of their kind,
Born to bloom, and to wither away ;
But ah ! draw not the veil, which dark fate hath twin'd
Round the future, perhaps, evil day,
Still wreath them in light, and with flowers let them play
In the last earthly house they own,
There let them profusely be thrown :
While they pass away to the mansions on high,
To people the kingdoms beyond the blue sky.

XII.

Ah! shadow me over with rich blooming flowers,
Take me back to the days long since flown,
When all was so bright, in life's opening hours,
And their greatest abundance mine own;
Still circle me round with their beautiful zone,
But give me the wild ones obscure,
That bloom in their loneliness pure,
In the valley remote, the wood and the glen,
Away from the pride and contentions of men.

XIII.

And when life shall be o'er, the spirit have past,
Far away from that mansion of gloom,
Where the body is laid for the worm's repast,
May I rest me where sweet flowers bloom,
With clouds of the beautiful hallow my tomb;
And then, in the breathing of spring,
The birds shall my requiem sing,
And the bluebell, the cowslip, and violet wave
In the soft-sighing wind, that sweeps o'er my grave.

STANZAS.



I.

I LAY, in summer's noonday prime,
 In quietude reposing,
 I slept, where banks of fragrant thyme,
 Were all their sweets disclosing,
 And past my cheek, and o'er my brow,
 The timid breeze was flying,
 Which through the sweet briar's perfum'd bough,
 Was softly—sweetly sighing,

II.

Then mem'ry woke, and things restor'd,
 In all her richest beaming,
 She ope'd her long conceal'd hoard,
 To gem the hours of dreaming :
 She gave me childhood's tender hours,
 Unknown to after glooming,
 When, in their rosy fringed bowers,
 I revell'd in their blooming.

STANZAS.

III.

She gave me back the wild wood scene,
I knew in childhood's playing,
Those silent glens, those shades serene,
Where once my feet were straying ;
The lark's wild song, the summer skies,
The sun's bright beams entrancing,
And glances keen from once bright eyes,
That long had ceas'd their glancing.

IV.

She gave me forms that long, alas !
Had slept their last of sleeping,
Made things now gone before me pass,
O'er which I'd long ceas'd weeping,
Ah ! me, how dear the forms she gave,
From which I'd griev'd to sever,
When they had sought the silent grave !
Why slept I not, for ever ?

STANZAS,
ON THE RECOVERY FROM DANGEROUS ILLNESS, OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
ADELAIDE,
QUEEN DOWAGER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

AND thou art restor'd—and we may rejoice,
Thou, gracious and good, wilt remain with us still,
The plainings were heard, of a nation's full voice,
The prayers which we utter'd when thou wert so ill,
Were answer'd by Him, who hath taught us to pray,
He hath spar'd thee once more, thou'rt not ta'en away.

II.

Should not a people lament for their queen,
For one that in dignity sitteth so high,
Not feel for the great, who in sickness have been,
Nigh unto eternity—waiting to fly
From the splendour of thrones—to quiet repose ;
Say, shall they not grieve when their journey they close ?

III.

But thou hast a charm, belongeth to few,
Beyond all the splendour that hangs round a throne,
A charm which we love, thy name doth bedew,
Which marks thee so truly, entirely our own,
Thy life of retirement, thy charities pure,
Thou mother in Israel, thou friend of the poor.

IV.

And would they not grieve, hadst thou past away,
Dear Adelaide, queen of each sorrowing heart,
And will they not joy, now He bids thee to stay,
And hath lengthen'd the time ere thou shalt depart,
How the poor will rejoice, now that thou art restor'd,
Will send up their incense of thanks to our Lord.

V.

The rich too, will join the anthem of praise,
Their thanks will ascend to the mansions above,
That He hath been pleas'd to lengthen thy days,
To dwell in their hearts—their affection—their love—
Yes, all that is good, the loud psalm will join,
To Him that has spar'd us that dear life of thine.

VI.

We turn to the time, when thou on a throne,
Didst shine in the splendour of jewels and gold,
When all that was grand around thee was thrown,
That state, so exalted, were glad to behold ;
Then we lov'd thee as queen, but now love thee more,
For the goodness with which thine heart runneth o'er.

VII.

We think on thee, too, as the wife of our king,
That faithful and true thou wert found at his side,
What sanctity thou, to his court didst bring,
What a halo of grace, where thou didst preside,
What meekness, what gentleness, round thee then shone,
How far more resplendent than sceptre or throne.

VIII.

We saw thee again—when sickness had come
In thy palace—alas—to visit thy lord,
How then it was thine, to bide in thine home,
To watch his decay and each comfort afford ;
Through the long weary hours, to sit by his bed,
To hang o'er the passing, the dying, the dead.

IX.

We see thee again, a widow forlorn,
A childless one, left to her fate, and alone,
With sickness bow'd down, with agony torn,
And all the first feelings of life away flown,
Ah ! worldlings, ye know not the feelings of those
Who've watch'd their best friends sink to endless repose.

X.

We know thou art rich—in feeling—in gold—
That thy name with things that are good is combin'd,
We hear of thy works—thy charities told,
Have rung through the land, with a sound how refin'd,
We trust when this journey of life shall be o'er,
Thou'lt reap thy reward on eternity's shore.

XI.

Till then dwell in peace—repose—and in health,
All good be around thee, through life ne'er to part,
Thy charities hold, be boundless thy wealth,
And thou have a throne in each virtuous heart ;
Believe us rejoicing now that thou art restor'd,
We thank for that blessing, our Father, our Lord.

December 30, 1840.

BALLAD HISTORIES.



Hammersley del

J. Greatbach sculp

AROUND THE STREET, WHAT MEANS THAT CRY
 HOWE PARTIES IDLY FLAUNT
 WHO IN HIS MIMICRY PASSES BY
 'TIS JOHN SUFFRAMP OF GAUNT -

THE BELLS
OF
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.

I.

How many jocund sounds do come
Upon the balmy air,
To play around one's pleasant home,
Where all things are so fair;
And there are sounds which well I love,
When on mine ears they swell,
As merry on the wind they move,
Adown our quiet dell,
When softly sweet in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

II.

Saint Giles's tower that looming stands
Through every winter's storm,
And bears the mark of time's rude hands
Upon its hoary form ;
And may it stand, as when of erst,
Till all the storms are past,
As of our buildings 'twas the first,
So may it be the last.
While merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

III.

Where is the scroll the tale shall tell,
When those old stones were laid ?
Who taught the holy song to swell
First, in this forest glade ?
What Saxon earl, what Mercian king,
In long elapsed time,
First hung the matin bell to ring,
Among the woods of Lyme ?
Ah ! listen in this quiet hour,
How soft those bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

IV.

Rise, visions, rise of times gone by,
And swim before my sight ;
From sealéd haunts, where hid ye lie,
In ancient glory dight ;
Brave warrior, in thy shining mail,
Lead on thy martial powers !
Stream, silken banners, in the gale
O'er time-worn, mould'ring towers !
Come where I sit, in garden bower,
To list that gentle chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

V.

One wonders if old Ranulph, who
Was once of Chester Earl,
And lord of our new castle too,
Did here his banners furl ;
One wonders if that baron bold,
As he sat in his hall,
Did hear a sound in music told,
Upon his senses fall,
When merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

VI.

'Tis said he rear'd the castle wall,
And built the keep's high tower,
Then sure he feasted in the hall,
When here he kept his power ;
And here, as heraldry hath told,
He hung his azure shield,
And pictur'd then, with richest gold,
Three garbs upon the field.
While merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

VII.

Ah ! how that shield in battle shone,
Behind his falchion's ray !
King Stephen oft its power did own,
And bent before its play.
And Maud had gloriéd in the sight,
Where golden deeds were done,
When Norman Harry join'd the fight,
And fields of fame were won ;
And all the while in evening's hour,
Did those our eight bells chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

VIII.

But peace again in turn comes round,
Contending powers accord,
Hark ! in our streets, that trumpet's sound
Ah ! see our first liege lord !
And now he calls our lands his own,
He claims those turrets high,
Where scarcely have his banners flown,
Ere he, alas ! must die ;
And solemn then, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

IX.

Where is he, with his warrior train ?
All pass'd from mortal view !
While proudly o'er the Cheshire plain,
Rides on his son Earl Hugh ;
He, faithless in his latter days,
The storms of battle saw,
And then, his prison'd head he lays,
In thy dark vaults, Valois,
While in our town, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

X.

Ah ! wretched he, 'neath fortune's spite
That long in prison lies,
More wretched he, in that dim light,
That weeps, laments, and dies.
Again Earl Hugh his prison leaves,
He feels the sun's bright ray,
His fallen fate once more retrieves,
In age to pass away ;
While sweetly still in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells ring chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XI.

Now, from the towers of Chester see,
Another Ranulph ride,
O'er forest lands, and flowery lea,
Through Lyme's thick woods to glide,
De Blondville, the youthful earl,
See ! how he reins his steed,
He bends him to each serf, each churl,
This is an Earl indeed !
And how they ring, this very hour,
Those loud eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XII.

Look round that hall, where hang those arms,
Beneath the banners' fall,

Ah ! see those mailéd, shining swarms

That throng the baron's hall !

And where that gilded canopy

Above the dais rides,

Who takes his seat ? ah ! who but he

Who o'er the scene presides.

And loud, and loud, that joyous hour,

Those bells ring out their chime,

That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,

Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XIII.

Around that seat, each vassal see,

Bent down his homage pays,

While from that carvéd gallerie

The minstrel music plays ;

And, while that sweetly melting tone

Doth round the arches glide,

At his right hand, behold ! his own,

His first, his duchess bride.

And still they peal, this joyous hour,

Their loud rejoicing chime,

From old Saint Giles's hallow'd tower,

Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XIV.

And when the bugle horn was blown,
Deep in the forest shade,
Did Constance hear its silver tone,
Along the vallies fade ;
And was young Arthur by her side,
To list the dulcet swell ;
Or, dearer still, the mother's pride,
The gentle Isabel ?
How softly then in woody bower,
Those far off bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XV.

Ah ! luckless youth, ah ! lovely maid,
Soon will your bliss be o'er,
What ruth for ye by fortune made,
Ye part, to meet no more ;
List ! in the Norman dungeon's gloom,
To Arthur's dying groan,
In Bristol's towers a living tomb,
Long Isabel shall mourn ;
While distant far through many an hour,
Those far off bells will chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XVI.

Did from the summit of that tower
A sound come pealing down,
When King John, in his pomp and power,
Pass'd through our quiet town ;
When in the castle walls he stole,
The draw-bridge and the moat,
And there he seiz'd the wassail bowl,
To wash his thirsty throat.
How fearfully, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme !

XVII.

Then through the wildly frightened land,
The sound of war was heard,
Then gaunt rebellion rais'd its hand,
Against its own liege lord ;
And flashing in the sunny light,
The warriors' armour gleam'd,
While on each mountain rocky height,
Through night the bale fire streamed ;
And loudly in that troubled hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XVIII.

But vengeance overtakes the king,
And soon the monster falls,
Hark ! wild his dying shriek doth ring,
Round Newark's hoary walls ;
He sleeps in Wor'ster's holy fane,
His miscreant race is run,
And Ranulph on the crimson'd plain,
Does battle for his son ;
And wild, and loud, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XIX.

Oft, on the field of bloody strife,
His shining helm was seen,
Oft flow'd the crimson stream of life,
Beneath his falchion keen ;
And when his martial host he led,
Where Seine's blue waters flow,
Death on the barbéd shaft was sped,
When twang'd the Norman bow ;
Unthought of then, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XX.

But peace once more his banners furl'd,
And laid his armour by,
She spread her mantle o'er the world,
And hush'd destruction's cry ;
The baron then rebuilt his walls,
And rear'd the cloister'd fane,
In gothic splendour deck'd his halls,
And rais'd his towers again ;
Where pacing slow, at midnight hour,
His warders heard the chime,
That rung in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXI.

Again the cry of war is heard,
The red cross banner flies,
Once more his falchion see him gird,
His shining helm he tries ;
Again, upon the mighty main,
He spreads his flowing sail,
And foremost in the warrior train,
He sweeps before the gale :
While through the waves his gallies scower,
He hears no more the chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXII.

He gains the shores of Paynim land,
He scans their leagur'd walls,
He treads on Egypt's burning sand,
And Damietta falls ;
His golden garbs are streaming wide,
Through all the bloody fray,
De Laci combats by his side,
And he, the Longespée ;
Nor heard they in that dreadful hour,
That far off gentle chime,
That rung in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXIII.

Oft, through those hours of burning day,
The glowing sun reveals,
Above the battle's loudest bray,
The Christian war cry peals ;
And when the moon is sailing high,
While sleep hath cover'd care,
" Kyrie Eleison !" hark that cry !
That watchword—midnight prayer,
Of those who watch, in that lone hour,
Unconscious of the chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXIV.

The battle o'er, upon the deep,
Ah ! see him tempest tried,
O'er mountain waves behold him sweep,
Through foaming waters glide ;
When hush'd the storm, he sees again
His own, his rocky shore,
He flies to seek his own domain,
He treads his halls once more ;
And merrily, in evening's hour,
He hears those eight bells chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXV.

Then here so proud De Laci came,
And stood within the hall,
His shield he hung, nor thought it shame,
Upon the castle wall ;
And then he rose, with merl and hound,
In morning's pleasant time,
To hunt, and hear his bugle sound,
Among the woods of Lyme.
While merrily, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXVI.

Who moves in gaudy grand array,
In jewell'd, silken stole,
Who up the aisle pursue their way,
And where their resting goal?
How courtly in their stately march,
Do knights and ladies join,
Ah! look up through that Saxon arch,
Behold Saint Giles's shrine!
And softly sweet this joyful hour,
Those dear eight bells ring chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXVII.

And now the priest hath meekly blest,
A newly wedded pair,
The bridegroom to his heart hath press'd
His own, his blushing fair;
And Ranulph sees his sister's child,
De Quincey's only pride,
Young Margaret thus by love beguil'd,
Is proud De Laci's bride;
Oh! how they peal'd, that joyous hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXVIII.

How went the tourney on that day ?
Who shiver'd all the spears ?
Who sat as queen in rich array,
Though trembling with her fears ?
Did Ranulph then, on glory bent,
Lord of a thousand fights,
Join issue in the tournament,
Among his mailéd knights ?
And rung they not, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

XXIX.

And who, when joust and tilt were up,
Did at the feast preside,
And drink from out his golden cup,
Health to the peerless bride ?
And on the harp, whose cunning hands,
Were dancing 'mid the strings ?
Around the hall whose voice expands,
As Margaret's praise he sings ?
Ah ! how they rung, that festive hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXX.

Away ! 'tis past, the feast is o'er,
Those joyous sounds are done,
The baron's hall is fill'd no more,
His guests, dispers'd, are gone ;
De Laci with his bridal train,
Hath pass'd the woods of Lyme,
He rests him in his home again,
In Haulton's towers sublime ;
And never more, in evening's hour,
Can Margaret hear the chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXI.

In age old Ranulph sheath'd his sword,
A quiet state did keep,
At last in lordly Wallingford,
He calmly sunk to sleep ;
To Chester borne, in mournful state,
He rests within her fane,
And history's page shall e'er relate
His deeds, his fame retain ;
And mournfully, no doubt, that hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXII.

A distant lord our castle gains,
That lord is England's king !
He, in its halls no state maintains,
No festive sounds there ring ;
But serfs and hinds from distant hills,
Are watching night and day,
The trumpet now its war blast stills,
In peace the banners play ;
While softly sweet in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXIII.

In shady glens, by flowing rills,
The lonely sheep-bell rings,
While o'er the green and woody hills,
The woodman blithly sings ;
Lord Segrave rules the forest round,
All bends beneath his power,
While Fenton in the town is found,
To rule both town and tower ;
And still they ring, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXIV.

De Montfort never heard their sound,
I think he never did,
In battle soon his death he found,
And so the town got rid,
Got rid of him, a worthless wretch,
Who took their sons away !
Alas ! on E'sham's field they stretch
Their last, their sad array.
Then mournfully, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXV.

Whose banner next was streaming wide,
Above the castle wall ?
Who hung that crimson shield to ride,
In worth above them all ?
Three golden lions lord the field,
There gorgeously are set ;
Ah ! whose was then that blazon'd shield,
'Twas thine, Plantagenet !
When merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXVI.

'Twas Edmund then, the princely son
Of Harry—England's King,
That through the woods of Keele begun,
His merry horn to ring ;
And there, when morning meekly shone,
He met the temple knight,
Whose crimson cross was careless thrown,
Upon his armour bright,
How softly then, in morning's hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme !

XXXVII.

But now the red cross knight is gone,
And thou, Plantagenet,
Dost sleep in monumental stone,
And sculpture's gaudy fret ;
And that rash son that follow'd thee,
And folly's part did act,
Whose head did grace the gallows tree,
Near bloody Pontefract ;
How rung they then in that sad hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXVIII.

Now see a weeping widow come,
To seek her lonely bower,
Our castle was her only home,
She seeks its inmost tower ;
But soon a youth is at her side,
They through the forest range,
Then blushing to the church she hied
With Eubolo le Strange.
And merrily, no doubt, that hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XXXIX.

But soon Eubolo's spirit past—
What is't the countess means ?
Why goes she up the aisle so fast,
With stout Hugo de Frenes ?
A bride three times to church she went,
Thrice back a widow hied,
And when her own short life was spent,
That last De Laci died ;
And sadly then, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XL.

But when the Countess Alice pass'd,
The last of all her name,
She hung upon the wall—more fast,
Her shield—her house's fame ;
De Laci's shield of burnish'd gold,
Her ancestor had hung,
And there the purple lion told
Its tale—those shields among.
Still mournfully, in that sad hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XLI.

What vision of the times gone by,
Is pictur'd on our arms ?
Why, from his horn that caitiff try,
To waken new alarms ?
And why that axe above his head ?
In what consists the spell ?
What means this vision of the dead ?
What living tongue can tell.
But well we know, in evening's hour,
That jocund merry chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XLII.

Adown the street, what means that cry,
Whose banners idly flaunt,
Who in his armour passes by ?
'Tis John—surnam'd of Gaunt—
And on her steed, by pages led,
Is Constance, Castile's queen,
And circled round her lovely head
Her jewell'd crown is seen.
Then merrily, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XLIII.

Upon the helm, that binds his brow,
Is Lancaster's red rose :
The people bend and lowly bow,
As on the pageant goes ;
In pompous state they pass them by,
They soon have cross'd the moat,
And on the topmost turret high,
The royal pennons float ;
While merrily, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XLIV.

Sing dool for him, that baron bold,
That knight of high emprise,
His deeds are past, his tale is told,
And John of Gaunt now dies ;
While booming o'er the troubled main,
There rolls a sound of war,
See ! Bolingbroke returns again,
From banish'd land afar ;
And loudly, in that fearful hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That ring in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

XLV.

Alas ! that our last lord should be
A traitor to his king,
That round our quiet dwellings he,
Rebellion's storm should bring ;
That overcoming right with might,
Should seek a throne to gain,
And seated there, his name should blight,
With murder's foulest stain ;
How would they ring, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme !

XLVI.

From yonder forest, hark the sound,
Of Henry's passing train,
With fallen Richard meekly bound,
Fast in the captive's chain ;
See ! down the woody hills they come,
The town is fill'd with fears,
Ah ! see through every street they roam,
Look on those helmets, those spears.
How rung they then, in that sad hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

XLVII.

Lancaster heads the martial train,
The captive one they bring,
And soon the castle walls contain,
The meek, the gentle king ;
How pass'd the hours that gloomy night ?
Did Richard calmly sleep ?
Or watch'd he for the morning light,
Within the dungeon keep ?
And heard he then, at midnight hour,
Our own eight bells ring chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

XLVIII.

That morning did our mothers crowd,
To bless with gentle word,
When Bolingbroke, low bent and bow'd,
Before his chainéd lord ;
And when adown the vale of Trent,
The lost one past away,
Heard he no blessings as he went ?
Did none presume to pray
For him, the lost, in that sad hour,
Amid the solemn chime,
That rung from old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

XLIX.

Ah ! who shall guard dethronéd kings ?
Turn to the setting sun ?
Shall seek for long departed things ?
Look on a race that's run ?
A space, how brief, to Pomfret's walls,
Th' imprison'd one retires,
Beneath the assassin's axe he falls,
The murder'd king expires !
And mournfully, no doubt, that hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

L.

But on the victor's cruel heart
A blight for ever fell,
A with'ring blast no more to part,
That nothing could dispel ;
Till life's last hour, the bitter curse,
Was falling like a flood,
And on his helpless offspring, worse,
It fell in streams of blood.
Ah ! wild and loud, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LI.

A space again—of days—of hours—
And men were bitter foes,
Those symbols see—those lovely flowers !
The white, and crimson rose ;
Over our castle's mould'ring walls,
Were loyal banners spread ?
Or were they held in leagur'd thrall ?
Heard they the victor's tread ?
While fearfully, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells rung chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LII.

Behold, they move ! for conflict rude,
Their long arrayment trail,
Ah ! how they waken solitude,
In Blore's wild lonely dale ;
'Tis Salisbury heads the Yorkist power,
He wears their emblem white ;
Queen Margaret stands on Muxon tower,
To watch the coming fight ;
And loudly, in that fearful hour,
No doubt, our bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LIII.

They issue join, and through the day,
In battle fierce each strives,
And eyes that saw the morning's ray,
Will close ere night arrives ;
York lords it o'er the battle plain !
Queen Margaret swiftly flies !
While stretch'd among the bloody slain,
The great Lord Audley dies !
What horror, in that dreadful hour,
How fearful, faint, the chime,
That rung, from old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme !

LIV.

In Heyley's towers were wailings heard,
In that bewild'ring time ;
Ah ! wept they for their slaughter'd lord,
Among the hills of Lyme ?
Were from our towers of massy proof
Lancaster's banners rent ;
Or stream'd they from that guarded roof,
Wide o'er the battlement ?
And rung they, in that fearful hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

LV.

Again, behold the years pass by,
How swift they while away !
Those towers forsaken mould'ring lie,
And sink in slow decay ;
Bright in the day, the golden light,
Plays on the hoary walls,
While through the hours of chilly night,
Pale star-light on them falls ;
And while they sink 'neath time's slow power,
Around them rings that chime,
That peals from old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LVI.

And now, when weary time hath flown,
 'Mid mingled smiles and tears,
Again, rebellion shakes the throne,
 Once more its standard rears ;
False Cromwell heads the rebel crew,
 He leads the furious fight,
'Mid blood, and prayer, the whole land thro',
 He passes in his might ;
And loudly in that stormy hour,
 Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
 Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LVII.

Alas ! the day, that we should send,
 A monster from our town,
Whose ev'ry power of mind should tend,
 Against his liege lord's crown ;
Ah ! how could Providence permit
 The doing of this thing ?
How could the fiend presume to sit
 In judgment on his king ?
How rung they in that monstrous hour
 Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
 Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

LVIII.

Now see him steep'd in human gore,
Now see him gorg'd with spoil,
Then see him in his home once more,
An hypocrite most vile,
Then see him at the gallows tree,
His goodness strive to foist,
On those who flock around to see,
'Twas done for love of Christ !
And could they ring in such an hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

LIX.

Again, when years have pass'd away,
What mean these new alarms,
Who comes in tartan strange array,
With targe and claymore arms ?
Who on the hills of Lyme are seen,
In foreign tongue to boast ?
Who rest upon those summits green ?
'Tis Edward Stewart's host !
How furious in that frightful hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme !

LX.

What were the fears that fill'd each breast,
In our disturbéd town ;
Ah ! if they forward then had press'd,
And from those hills come down ;
But see, they turn them to the left,
Hark to those shoutings loud !
Old Mow is with their screaming cleft,
They waken far off Cloud :
And joyfully, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXI.

See ! through our streets, in modern days,
Another pageant come,
Loud ring the bells, the music plays,
And sounds the beaten drum ;
See ! on that tower in wild winds rude,
Great Britain's banner flies,
The skies are rent, the multitude
Are utt'ring loyal cries ;
And hark, they ring, this joyous hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXII.

'Tis George the prince, old England's heir,
The gentleman superb,
Who, when he looks upon the fair,
Doth willing hearts disturb ;
And there is royal Clarence too,
What blandishment he brings,
Within her streets, our town doth view,
Two future British kings !
And rung they not, in that proud hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme?

LXIII.

But where are they ?—all past and gone,
They're where the weary rest :
And those their eyes did look upon,
By clods of earth are press'd ;
And time rolls on with constant flight,
As 'twas in days of yore,
And so 'twill be till endless night
Shall cover all things o'er ;
And still, and still, through many an hour,
Those dear eight bells will chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXIV.

Where sleeps the wretch who could invent
The bridle's beastly form?
What crooked mind, on mischief bent,
Could such base act perform?
'Tis well the monster's name is lost,
If known it e'er could be,
From mouth to mouth it would be tost,
With scorn and infamy.
While loudly, in that vengeful hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXV.

Say ye, who o'er our town preside,
Our weal and woe o'ersee,
If round your mother's head 'twere tied,
What would your feelings be?
Or she who lords it in your heart,
Who has your marriage vow,
If that base thing those locks could part,
Upon her burning brow?
And could they ring, in such an hour,
Our own eight bells their chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme?

LXVI.

And would ye for your neighbour's bride,
Your neighbour's child maintain,
The filthy thing ye could not bide,
Your own dear child to pain ?
Scorn, utter scorn, profoundly deep,
Rest on ye through your lives,
Who this base thing consent to keep,
Who thus insult your wives ;
Wipe out this shame, oh ! use your power,
Or never list that chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXVII.

Newcastle, thou hast long been old,
Men have forgot thy prime,
Thy days are gone, thy tale is told,
Thy place is void in Lyme ;
Thy dungeon keep no more is found,
The grass grows over thee,
There but remains thy lonely mound,
Where waves the green ash tree ;
And nought to thee, in evening's hour,
Is that low mournful chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXVIII.

Where is that quaintly carvéd hall,
Was once the baron's pride ?
And where his pealing trumpet's call ?
And where that streaming tide
Of vassals, serfs, and woodland men,
The denizens of Lyme ?
All past, all lost to mortal ken,
All swept away by time ;
They hear no more, in evening's hour,
That still continued chime,
That rings in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXIX.

Time flies with slow destroying pace,
But brings a sure decay,
Who ever saw it stay its race,
To rest upon its way ?
As o'er our town it silent pass'd,
With slow, insidious wile,
It shower'd destruction's power at last
Upon Saint Giles's pile ;
Yet hath it spar'd, to this our hour,
That trancing evening chime,
It still hath left thine ancient tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXX.

Like all things else, it had its day,
Like all things was destroy'd,
That place where thousands met to pray,
Our old forefathers' pride ;
Yet why, those monumental stones
That lay above the dead,
Why mov'd from off those mould'ring bones,
In broken fragments spread ?
And could they ring, in such an hour,
That soft, that silver chime,
Those bells in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme ?

LXXI.

Away—away—the gorgeous tale
Of chivalry's bright day,
And float we down the pleasant vale,
Where time hath held its way ;
No more upon the battle plain
The rebel host we see ;
No more we look upon the slain,
Or warrior's panoply ;
Yet merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXII.

Our form of war is changéd quite,
And sheath'd are all the swords ;
If e'er our men turn out to fight,
'Tis but a war of words ;
They rave—they rant—and when they think
They've said a thing that tells,
They dine in state, they eat, they drink,
And always ring the bells ;
Then merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXIII.

When quarrell'd foes are friendly grown,
Why then, they make a rout ;
But still, they give a merry tone,
If they again fall out ;
At any time, in woe or weal,
They're always ready found,
For mourners give a muffled peal,
For joy a merry sound.
Oh ! merrily, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXIV.

When here our maids and youths appear,
With love all burning hot,
They list the cheerful sound to hear,
When they have tied the knot.
Oh ! then, how oft the blushing bride,
Hath been by them beguil'd,
When with her spouse away she hied,
Her young heart beating wild.
While merrily, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells did chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXV.

What aching hearts have there been found,
Around the open grave,
When heavily their deepest sound,
So mournfully they gave ;
Here young and old have pass'd away,
As their descendants must,
And while they wait the judgment day,
Lie mingling dust with dust.
And many times, in evening's hour,
Our own eight bells will chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXVI.

When far away I've journeyéd,
In other far off lands,
When o'er the mountain's brow I've sped,
Or cross'd the sea-wash'd sands ;
Oh ! then, when in some lonely vale,
A tower hath caught mine eye,
I've seem'd to hear their evening tale,
In murmurs pass me by.
While far away, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells would chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXVII.

Return'd again from those far lands,
Led by a gracious Power,
I've look'd to see where soaring stands
Saint Giles's time worn tower,
Upon the brow of some high hill,
I stand when thus I come,
What thoughts of thee my bosom fill,
My own, my pleasant home !
While merrily, in that same hour,
Our own eight bells do chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

LXXVIII.

How many round that tower do lie
That once were blythe as we,
Are now unseen by mortal eye,
So fast away they flee ;
And we in turn shall pass away,
And moulder in the ground,
While other ears, some other day,
Will list to catch the sound,
When merrily, in evening's hour,
Those dear eight bells will chime,
That swing in old Saint Giles's tower,
Newcastle-under-Lyme.

THE BATTLE OF E'SHAM.

I.

NEWCASTLE, Newcastle, thy children are slain,
They have fallen in the conflict afar,
They are sleeping their last, on E'sham's red plain,
Thine—the victims of furious war,
Where the Avon flows by, with its murmuring tone,
And its waters are red with the blood of thine own.

II.

Lord Segrave went forth with the flower of thy youth,
Gaily deck'd in their warlike array,
And thou—thou didst think him all honour and truth,
When he took them to battle away;
Then his banners were streaming, his trumpets were loud,
And how rich was his armour, his war steed how proud.

III.

De Montfort demanded the chief and the prime
Of the serfs and the hind from thine hills,
Of those who then dwelt in the forest of Lyme,
In thy hamlets, thy granges, and vill.
How thy woods were awoke, with that terrific cry,
When the traitor's loud mandate pass'd fearfully by.

IV.

Rebellion then gather'd its power and its might,
And it pass'd through the land in its pride,
While soaring ambition press'd on to the fight,
The weak power of the sceptre was tried ;
And the sons of Newcastle were there with their lord,
With Simon de Montfort, and Segrave abhorr'd.

V.

But Edward was out, for his father the king,
Swift as thought to the conflict he press'd,
And the sound of his arms, it loudly did ring,
While his spear, it was couch'd in its rest.
And the banner of England, stream'd over the field,
While the three golden lions shone bright on his shield.

VI.

Hark ! the clangor of fight, the battle's loud bray,
And the blasts of the trump that are blown !
The conflict is past, there's an end to the fray,
And the field is Plantagenet's own.
On the banks of the Avon, De Montfort lies low,
And lord Segrave's at rest, where its red waters flow.

VII.

Now the battle is o'er, rebellion lies dead,
And the fall'n have the traitor's deep stain,
While few are thy children that homeward have fled,
Who shall tell the extent of thy slain ?
But the abbot of E'sham, in mitre and stole,
Hath a requiem sung, for the peace of each soul.

VIII.

The warder is gone to thy battlements high,
Thence to watch the return of his lord,
He turns down the vale of the Trent his strain'd eye,
For the flash of his helm and his sword.
Let him draw down that banner, which on the wind flows,
For lord Segrave is sleeping in endless repose.

IX.

Newcastle, thy daughters and mothers are gone,
Down the vale, by the side of the Trent,
To watch, and to wait for thy children's return,
By that way which departing they went ;
But, they come not—alas ! they will never return—
Let them sit by the stream, to lament them and mourn.

X.

Let the wood-ward awake the woods with his groan,
That the years of his sons have been brief,
The widow loud wail, to the orphan's deep moan,
Thus express the extent of their grief.
From the Bride-stones remote, and the high hill of Cloud,
To the lone tower of Heyley, in its woody shroud.

XI.

Ah ! weep in your dwellings, and weep in your street,
For your great desolation thus made,
And ye that in loneliness dwell, when you meet,
Weep and grieve in your dark forest shade.
Oh ! lament ye and mourn, o'er ambition and pride,
That your sons, led by traitors, in battle have died.

MARGARET OF ANJOU**IN****SANCTUARY AT ECCLESHALL.**

I.

ADOWN the fading sky had gone,
The glowing autumn sun,
Yet still the bloody strife rag'd on,
That morning had begun ;
While up aloft the banner white,
Of York was streaming high,
Lancaster's rose—alas ! the sight,
Was stain'd a deeper dye,
'Twas prostrate on the field of fight,
Where arméd men pass'd by.

II.

Ah ! woe the day for Cheshire then,
Her sons were on the ground,
And there her best—her bravest men—
The chance of war had found ;
The princely badge they proudly wore,
When morning's ray was chill,
Those silver swans were steep'd in gore,
Where their proud hearts lay still,
They De la Mere will see no more,
Nor Beeston's towering hill.

III.

And there the forest sons of Lyme,
Were sleeping with their lord,
They'd bade adieu to hoary time,
In brief—in sad accord,
Those forest men no more will see,
Their glens—bestrewn with flowers,
Newcastle's children never flee,
To hide them in her towers,
Nor Heyley's lord shall ever be,
Among his forest bowers.

IV.

But day is clos'd, the gloomy night,
Is resting on the hill,
And hush'd is now the bloody fight,
The trumpet's voice is still;
And mingled with the moaning wind
There comes an anguish'd tone,
From wounded men, whom death hath sign'd
And mark'd them for his own.
And oh! the agony refin'd,
That hangs on ev'ry groan.

V.

Amid the gloom that hangs on high,
Across the barren heath,
Who through the cloudy night doth fly,
In fear of angry death?
A Bishop rides the foremost steed,
He guides the devious way,
'Twas well the prelate had took heed,
Where lone the sheep track lay;
O'er which he pass'd with fleetest speed,
Upon his dappled grey.

VI.

There, 'mong a crowd of arméd men,
Was one with plume of white,
Whose flaunt just mov'd upon the ken,
Amid the gloom of night,
And white her steed as mountain snow,
That bore her o'er the ground,
So faint the light it scarce would show,
His fleetest—deftest bound,
While spear, and helm, and tough yew bow,
About her path were found.

VII.

Who then had sought in that dark hour,
When winds were whistling shrill,
For gallants gay on Muxon tower,
Had found it lone and still,
The crown was gone, the mitre too,
Which had been there that day,
With all the hearts that beat so true,
While rag'd the battle's fray ;
The conflict lost, they stay'd to view,
Then fled in haste away.

VIII.

They pass them up that heathy hill,
That looks o'er Blore's wild dale,
And hear those sounds the valley fill,
The groan and dying wail,
Then o'er its brow they go in speed,
And down the hills decline,
Nor stop—nor stay—nor seek—nor heed—
The cottage light's faint shine ;
But swiftly on they still proceed,
And round their dark path twine.

IX.

Between the hills they saw the Mere,
That slept like molten lead,
Then, past the Camp hills swift career,
Where sleep the mighty dead,
The grave of him—the Saxon king—
Dark as a midnight cloud,
When winter storms their darkness bring,
And misty hills enshroud ;
Their horses' hoofs more loudly ring,
More close the riders crowd.

X.

What boots it how the woods they pass'd,
Or cross'd the shallow ford,
Where autumn's streams were running fast,
Or woke the sleeping bird ;
Or rose the hill—went down the vale—
Or brush'd the hanging bough—
Or heard the waters tell the tale,
Where thou wert flowing, Sow ;
They gain'd those towers, so grey and pale,
That Lichfield's lord endow.

XI.

And there the Bishop rein'd his steed,
He check'd the fleet career,
And turning to the lady said,
“ Fair queen, we shelter here ;
Now turn thee to these towers of mine,
Be guest within my hall,
All that I have this night is thine,
Here rest thy followers all ;
To thy repose I now resign,
The towers of Eccleshall.”

XII.

“ Not so,” the lady quick replied,
“ Such rest is not for me,
How if thy castle’s strength be tried,
By him from whom we flee ?
Who knows if Salisbury’s host is near,
We may have been pursu’d,
He may have pass’d that lonely Mere,
Who hath my friends subdu’d ;
I see a sacred fane appear—
Will on—and there intrude.”

XIII.

Now see the church’s thickest gloom,
Receive the torches’ light,
Strong falls the glare on ev’ry tomb,
With sculpture richly dight,
The scutcheon’d arms—the mourning urn,
The quaintly carved stall,
The blood red banners seem to burn,
Where hang they on the wall,
Whichever way the eye may turn,
It seems enchantment all.

XIV.

She comes—the queen for refuge comes,
Her sanctuary seeks,
Though wildly round her fierce eye roams
No tears are on her cheeks;
Adown the aisle her pace is firm,
Behold her queenly go,
Above the dead—the grave—the worm,
She stately moves and slow.
An aspect men would noble term,
Doth every movement show.

XV.

She gains the ancient carved screen,
That wraps the chancel round,
And there her queenly form is seen,
To sink upon the ground;
Before the altar, lowly bent,
Lets fall her words of prayer,
The thoughts that in her mind are pent,
Are meekly utter'd there;
Her prayer when o'er, she rose and went,
Where stood the Bishop's chair.

XVI.

What boots it how an hour was pass'd,
Among her followers rude,
Refresh'd with food—they sunk at last,
By weariness subdu'd,
And sleep came stealing through the pile,
To light on care-worn eyes,
On stony beds along the aisle,
Each mailéd warrior tries
The passing moments to beguile,
Till morning's sun shall rise.

XVII.

'Tis midnight now—the harvest moon,
Her beams half shorn away,
Is mounting to her solemn noon,
In clouded rich array ;
And oh ! how soft her tender light,
Falls on that church and tower,
Where in the stillness of the night,
They catch her sheeny dower ;
While queen and page and arméd knight,
Are in oblivion's power.

XVIII.

Behold—within—the queen at rest,
Surrounded by her band,
Whose mailéd forms the floor have press'd,
Too weary now to stand,
They sleep, and she, o'ercome the while,
Hath clos'd her wearied eyes,
Reposing on that cushion'd pile,
Which 'fore the altar lies ;
Her weariness all thoughts exile,
She sleeps—as if she dies.

XIX.

And by her side the Bishop sate,
Reposing in his chair,
Whose lips were moving slow—sedate—
Though sleeping—yet in prayer ;
Close to the altar stood the priest,
Array'd in cope and stole,
And through the night he never ceas'd,
To pray for Margaret's soul ;
And oft the taper's light increas'd,
That glimmer'd o'er the whole.

XX.

And hanging o'er the altar high,
 Upon the crucifix,
Was he—who died on Calvary,
 Whose hands the nails transfix;
There beaming with a mellow light,
 The eastern window shone,
With painted saints—and shields all dight—
 And jewels rare all strewn,
And through the whole—the queen of night
 Her brightest beams had thrown.

XXI.

How still'd the tumult—chang'd the scene,
 In that short lapséd space,
How deep the stillness—how serene,
 That reign'd within the place;
The twinkling tapers scarcely show,
 Among those jewell'd dyes,
Falls rich—the ruby's deepest glow—
 Where tranc'd the Bishop lies,
And golden streams serenely flow,
 On Margaret's closéd eyes.

XXII.

And wildly then, fierce madd'ning thought,
Was passing through her brain,
Again in Blore's wild dale she fought,
And trampled on the slain ;
She saw among the battle's tide,
Lord Salisbury passing by,
She heard his shout, she saw him ride,
Then saw him fall to die,
She saw the axe his head divide,
Ere breath'd was his last sigh.

XXIII.

And then came darkness o'er her mind,
Sleep's deepest—thickest pall,
Did every sense—sensation bind,
And hold in strongest thrall,
Till when, a faintly beaming ray,
That shone in soft blue dyes,
Came down, like morning's opening grey,
And rested on her eyes ;
Imagination then 'gan play,
Its new fledg'd wing it tries.

XXIV.

She saw her own dear distant land,
The sunny land of France,
How clear before her eyes expand,
Those fields of old romance ;
Those fresh green fields—where deftly grew,
Her own sweet simple flower,
The daisy steep'd in morning dew,
Her chaste symbolic dower ;
Forgot she then all ruth—all rue—
And dark misfortune's lower.

XXV.

And then she heard soft music sound,
As heard she when a child,
When René bade the song go round,
And breath'd his chanson wild ;
While on the lute, his practis'd hands,
The strings went wand'ring o'er,
And mingled tones—how soft—how bland,
In rich abundance pour ;
For belted knights that round him stand,
Their king—their troubadour.

XXVI.

How rich the thoughts, her mind that fill,
As thus she slumb'ring lies,
A mother's kiss—her heart doth thrill,
She meets her father's eyes,
Those eyes—that with affection shone—
In youth's dear opening morn,
She felt their glances still her own,
Their brightness still unshorn ;
Oh ! sleep, 'tis thou canst give alone,
Things lov'd—long from us torn.

XXVII.

Slow fades the light—the moon is gone
Behind her darkest shroud,
On clouds—a storm comes rolling on,
The winds are howling loud,
Among the hills the thunder roars,
Its voice is on the gale,
And down the streaming torrent pours
'Mid lightning blue and pale ;
The lurid flash the church explores,
Its deepest glooms assail.

XXVIII.

And then the vision's form was chang'd,
Which dream'd the sleeping queen,
No more through flowery fields she rang'd,
Nor trod the emerald green,
Through lonely paths her way she takes,
'Mid deserts dark and wild,
The earth to its foundation shakes,
Where rocks are rudely pil'd,
A power unknown her fancy wakes,
Her wild'ring thoughts beguil'd.

XXIX.

Yet on she goes—in fancy's thrall,
Fear wings her devious tread,
While darker grows the cloudy caul,
That circles round her head ;
More rude the rocks that round her lie,
More faintly mark'd her way,
Loud roaring pass'd the thunder by,
More fierce the lightnings play,
Night spent—an open arch doth spy,
Within a glimm'ring ray.

XXX.

And one stood in the open arch,
Who took her by the hand,
They pass them on in solemn march,
Where rended rocks expand,
They pause within a cavern deep,
High archéd over head,
The chilly damps around her creep,
Scarce seen—the light is shed,
That faintly shows, where mould'ring sleep,
The past—the silent dead.

XXXI.

The vision-form's extended hand,
Points to a mould'ring shroud,
The queen obey'd the felt command,
And downward bent and bow'd;
She rais'd the clammy sheet of white,
The dead that cover'd o'er,
And Henry's visage met her sight,
She knew the smile he wore;
And there her son her eyes did blight,
At rest for evermore.

XXXII.

Again, the vision mark'd where lay
Another sleeping pair,
Turns silent then, the queen that way,
To rend the sleepers' lair ;
And there she saw the face of him,
Who fought at Azincour,
And by his side—with eyes how dim,
Was one the crown that wore,
Though round its golden—jewell'd rim—
Was Richard's clotted gore.

XXXIII.

And then she heard a hollow sound,
That fill'd the cavern's dome,
It said—as rose she from the ground,
“Come—childless—widowed—come.”
A clammy hand her hand then took,
She felt the fearful cold,
She pass'd along—she dar'd not look,
Through length of ways untold ;
Till vision touch'd—the cavern shook—
The granite rocks unfold.

XXXIV.

Then—on her senses faintly broke
A cloister'd—choiréd fane—
Soft music round the arches woke
A trancing—dying strain ;
She turn'd to look upon her guide,
Her eyes his glances met,
In death's decay—was at her side—
The last Plantagenet ;
'Twas Richard—whose dark locks were dyed
Wit' blood—they still were wet.

XXXV.

And then, to that soft breathing sound,
Was join'd a voice's plaint,
It seem'd an angel's song profound,
Or wail of dying saint ;
“Vengeance,” the mourning voice proclaim'd,
“Hath pass'd with certain pace,
All—whom the murderer hath nam'd,
Are gone—extinct his race,
Lone wand'rer—whom that name hath sham'd,
Here is thy resting place.”

XXXVI.

The storm was gone—when morning broke,
Bright shone its opening ray,
The church was lit when Margaret woke,
When cushion'd still she lay ;
“ What ho ! my lord,” she turn'd and cried,
“ Lord Bishop, wake and rise ;
Bring forth our steeds—and let us ride,
Our rest must now suffice ;
Again such dreams I would not bide,
To gain—e'en Paradise.”

DEPRECATORY STANZAS.

I.

SAY how shall I sing, come, teach me my muse,
How to tune up my lute for a lay,
Pray be with me awhile, ah ! do not refuse,
While I strive or to sing or to say,
The storehouse is empty, from which I should take,
The treasures all flown, which thy rich music make.

II.

Why came I so late, when those treasures were gone,
Ah ! why staid I, alas ! to this day,
When all that is beautiful long since hath flown,
In their train, as the bards pass'd away ;
Those children of song, all thy riches have reiv'd,
And wove them in garlands long, long since achiev'd.

III.

And yet I have thought—I have ventur'd to speak,
Though so many have spoken before,
Have sung my own song (said ye, worthless and weak ?)
In a language oft spoke heretofore ;
Have ta'en of those things which so long have been us'd,
Have wound them in rhymes, and I fear much abus'd.

IV.

I've sung of the lark that is up in the cloud,
Of the hymn which he carols on high,
Of the sun's golden light, that breaks thro' the shroud
Of the clouds, as they pass them all by,
The dark azure vault, with bright stars strown all o'er,
Yet know that these things have been all sung before.

V.

I've spoke of the piping of birds in the wood,
Of the thrush, in the white hawthorn tree,
The far away sound of the murmuring flood,
And the drone of the wild humble bee, [rung,
With other wild sounds, through the woods that have
Yet who doth not know, that they all have been sung !

VI.

Presuming, I've sung of the wide rolling sea,
Of its waves on the shore breaking white,
Of ships under sail, passing fearless and free,
On the breast of the great infinite ;
The storm and the tempest, the wild sweeping blast,
Though all have been sung, in the days that are past.

VII.

I've gat me 'mong mountains, and spoke of their forms,
Of their heads in a faint filmy shroud,
Their grandeur—their stillness—their terrific storms.
When the tempest down on them hath bow'd,
Their robings in white, when the thick snow lies cold,
Yet oft all these things to the world have been told.

VIII.

I've rambled by rivers, and sung of their streams,
Of the lakes in the valley that sleep,
Reflection's bright visions, when the sun's faint beams,
Gave a sky down adown in the deep ;
Of all that was beautiful, pictur'd below,
Ay, of all that this world hath known long ago.

IX.

I've revell'd me oft on the banks of sweet flowers,
When the wind was enrich'd by their scent,
Have sung, when enwrapt, of rich Indian bowers,
Where the perfume of roses were blent ;
Of the cherish'd at home, the wild in the vale,
And many before me have told the same tale.

X.

I've wander'd, and look'd upon nature's own face,
And have gather'd me gems from her store,
Of all that was beautiful sought me to trace,
Ev'ry form, and their fashion—their lore,
Yet when I was whiling those bright things among,
I knew they'd been lauded in ev'ry song.

XI.

Know ye not—in a far—a long lapséd time,
Of a man whom all creatures call wise,
Who search'd through all nature, in his sunny clime,
With his heart, with his hands, and his eyes,
And when through all nature, the great one had run,
He said, there was nothing new under the sun.

XII.

How truly he spoke, when those strong words he said,
And he added in poesy's thrall,
Of cedars which grew on the lone mountain's head,
And the hyssop that bloom'd on the wall;
What numbers have utter'd those thinkings again,
Whose hearts beat with feelings they could not restrain.

XIII.

How many have sung of the lily's pale white,
Of the deep glowing red of the rose,
And the wild flowers, with which this world is bedight,
Star-like gems which its mantle compose,
And when one tir'd bard, his sweet song hath ceas'd,
Another hath warbled, with feeling increas'd.

XIV.

How many have spoke of the song of the bird,
Of the sounds, through the woods that are strown,
And the silence of night, when no leaf hath stirr'd,
While the nightingale warbled alone;
What heart would not feel, when such music awoke,
Ah! who could be silent when melody spoke?

XV.

Then permit me to sing, as they sung of old,
With simplicity lighten my song,
Again tell the tale, that so oft hath been told,
Through past years, as they roll'd them along ;
Enrich me with jewels, those jewels once more,
That beam with such beauty in poesy's lore.

XVI.

Let me see the wide main break into white foam,
Let me see it lie placid and still,
Let me watch the fleet sails, that over it roam,
From the brow of an upsoaring hill ;
Let me see the bright sun beam down in his might,
And feel the chaste breeze passing by in his light.

XVII.

And the sky shall be mine, I love the blue vault,
With its clouds, or its starry array,
Would through infinite space, my weak mind exalt,
To the splendour of heaven's display ;
And muse on those worlds, that are rolling above,
Of the God who sustains—his mercy and love.

XVIII.

Ah ! give unto me, those high mountains so grand,
That so long in their grandeur have stood,
The rich flower'd vales of my own native land,
And the shade of the thick woven wood ;
There give me, dear nature, of things that are thine,
To feel—and to speak—with expression divine.

XIX.

Lone stillness—deep solitude—far off retir'd,
In communion deep with my mind,
In rich poesy wrapt—entranc'd and inspir'd,
With all worldly pursuits cast behind ;
Thus—thus let me live, if permitted to choose,
In lowly retirement—alone with the muse.

CONCLUDING STANZAS.

I.

GRANT me pardon for having presum'd,
 Thus, to write in the language of youth,
 And allow, if you think I've assum'd
 The plain diction of nature and truth ;
 It is true, in the time of old age,
 That the muse doth but seldom inspire,
 That she loves, who can doubt, that her page,
 Should be lit by the glow of youth's fire.

II.

The old fable doth say, that the swan,
 Doth oft sing as it languishing lies,
 Ere that life's latest breath is all gone,
 It doth warble—doth sing—till it dies ;
 Yet perhaps its first days, like my own,
 By unmusical cares were all tried,
 It then sought not to raise its sweet tone,
 It was otherwise—better employ'd.

III.

Be it so, there is leisure at last,
It is come in the eve of my days,
Ere the time that remains shall be past,
Let me sport with the muse and her lays;
And, as onward time gently shall flow,
I each moment of leisure will save,
Glad to gather sweet flowers where they grow
On the brink of my half open grave.

IV.

Dearest reader, I bid thee adieu,
As I trust thou hast read my leaves o'er,
Art content, on a candid review,
With a wish to meet with me once more;
I will sing once again thou shalt see,
If it hap that dark destiny spares,
And the muse's rich chaplet for thee,
Shall be twin'd with my own blanchéd hairs.

FINIS.

